THE AMERICAN WEST

Cover:
Thunderstorm in Yosemite Valley, Yosemite National Park, California—by Ansel Adams.

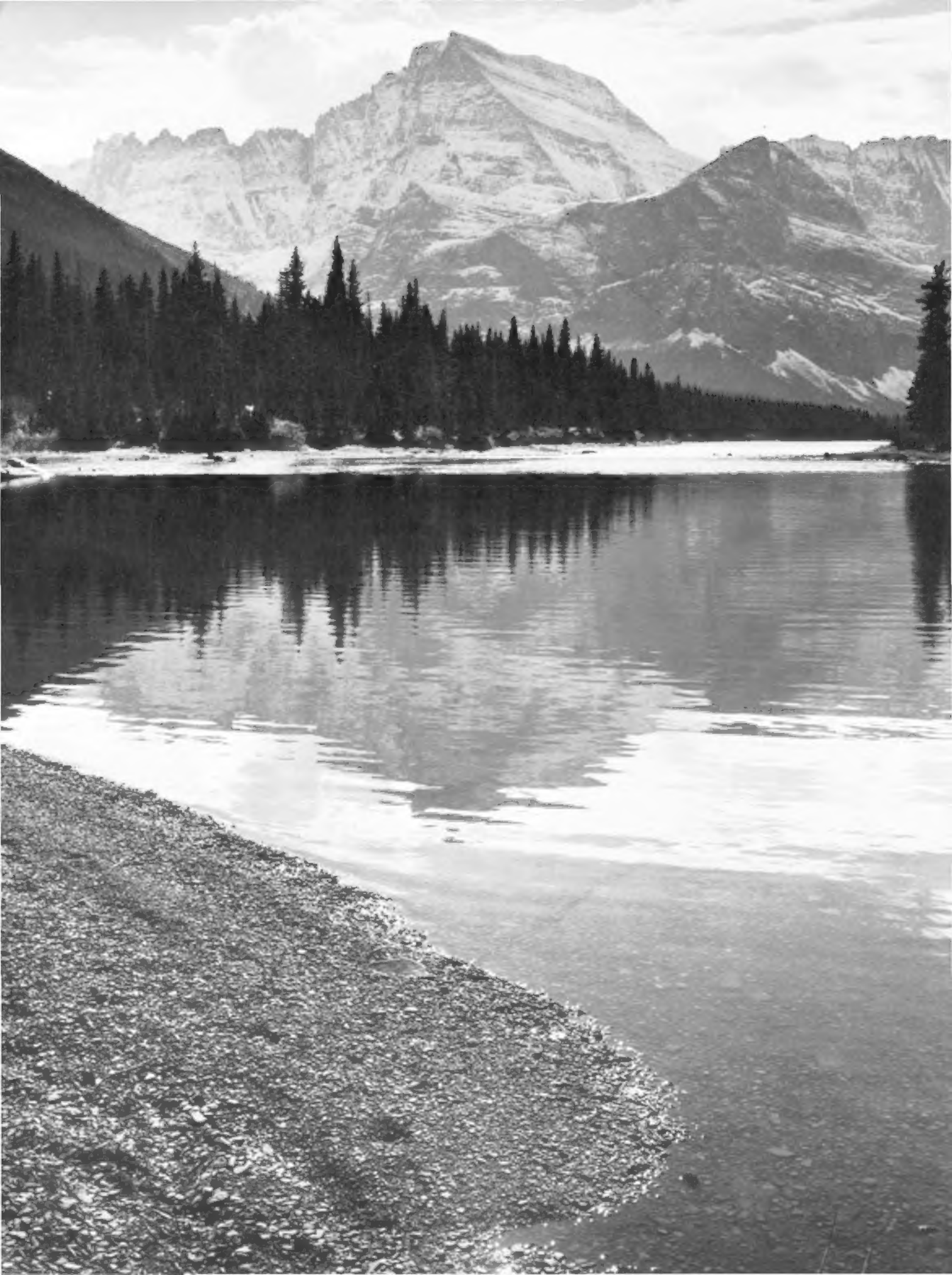
This photograph, surely one of the most striking and famous from the work of Ansel Adams, is but one of many that appear in this issue, which has been designed in black-and-white format to complement the artistry of the acknowledged master of black-and-white photography—and the beauty of the National Parks.

THE
AMERICAN
WEST

A SPECIAL ISSUE

The National Parks

Six Chapters in the History of an American Idea
—and Three Photographic Portfolios by Ansel Adams



THE
AMERICAN WEST

THE MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY

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September 1969 / Volume VI, Number 5

Sponsored by the Western History Association

PUBLISHED SIX TIMES PER YEAR—JANUARY/MARCH/MAY/JULY/SEPTEMBER/NOVEMBER

THE NATIONAL PARKS

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PICTURE CREDITS: Cover: Ansel Adams. Frontispiece: Ansel Adams. Page 6: Ansel Adams. Page 9: Francis P. Farquhar, Berkeley, California. Page 10: Ansel Adams. Pages 13-14: The Haynes Foundation, Bozeman, Montana. Pages 17-24: All the Ansel Adams photographs in this issue were first published either in **These We Inherit** by Ansel Adams (Sierra Club, 1962) or **This is the American Earth** by Ansel Adams and Nancy Newhall (Sierra Club, 1960). Page 25: Ansel Adams. Page 27: Horace M. Albright. Page 31: Haynes Foundation. Page 33: Ansel Adams. Page 35: Emery Kolb, Grand Canyon, Arizona. Page 36: Francis P. Farquhar. Page 37: History Division, Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History. Page 38: Francis P. Farquhar. Page 39: History Division, Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History. Page 49: Ansel Adams. Pages 51-52: National Park Service, Grand Canyon National Park. Page 53: History Division, Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History. Page 55: Ansel Adams. Pages 61-63: Sierra Club, San Francisco.

THE AMERICAN WEST is published six times per year (January, March, May, July, September, November) by American West Publishing Company, 577 College Avenue, Palo Alto, California 94306. Single copies: $2.00. Subscriptions: $9.00; two years $16.00; three years $23.00 (*outside U.S., $1.00 per year extra*). Changes of address and communications regarding subscriptions or advertising should be sent to the above address.
● Editorial offices are at 2175 Allston Way, Berkeley, California 94704.

THE AMERICAN WEST will consider, but assumes no responsibility for, unsolicited material.
● Members of the Western History Association should address all communications to the Secretary-Treasurer, Arrell M. Gibson, Faculty Exchange, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.
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Lake Josephine, Glacier National Park, Montana (photograph by Ansel Adams).

The National Parks

Within the next few years the United States will celebrate two anniversaries of considerable note: in 1976 the two hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and in 1972 the one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of Yellowstone, the world's first national park. Significantly, the two events are in a way related, for each commemorates a uniquely American idea whose conception has had an impact not only on the nation, but on the world. Recently Freeman Tilden, philosopher emeritus of the National Park Service, observed that, although Yellowstone is precious to all Americans as a national park, it is even more valuable to the people of the world as an idea. Yellowstone and Yellowstone's children (around the world) are in a sense sanctuaries from the onrush of a technology that, unchecked, seems destined to engulf the human spirit.

Beyond question, a livable environment has become one of the most urgent imperatives confronting this nation. Parks, in the broadest meaning of the word, are indispensable elements of a livable environment. In the recent disastrous oil incident at Santa Barbara, California, the wide acceptance of the idea that the ecological consequences far outweighed the economic implications suggests that ecology has finally achieved currency. Union Oil accepted the very considerable tab for cleaning up the beaches of Santa Barbara.

But to whom shall the National Park Service present the bill for the tragic incident at Canyon de Chelly National Monument — an 800-year-old cliff house critically damaged in one split second by a sonic boom? The answer, certainly, is not to seek funds for restoration after our resources have been damaged or destroyed. The only real solution is to insure that an informed public weighs the disadvantages of modern technology against its advantages and establishes national priorities. It is, therefore, a notable event when a magazine such as THE AMERICAN WEST *devotes an issue to the national parks.*

Still, I am aware that academic historians have often shown restrained enthusiasm for the scholarly pursuits involved in the preservation of historic sites, of which the National Park System now includes 167. "Local history," I believe, is the euphemism. If indeed our attitude toward interpreting history seems parochial perhaps the fault lies with those of us who administer historical properties. However, it is comforting to fall back on the knowledge that a great many of our visitors come to historic sites to escape the tensions and uncertainties of the present by drawing inspiration from the past. I trust this will always be one of the values of the parks.

But these days some visitors to the parks may walk barefooted and strum guitars; others may be more concerned with crabgrass and second mortgages than with such arcane questions as whether Longstreet was unforgivably tardy on the second day at Gettysburg. Most young people of today will hardly settle for historical interpretation that has no meaningful relevance to their lives, a fact that both enhances and complicates the task of the National Park Service; for it is incumbent upon us to address ourselves to the concerns and convictions of a segment of society which apparently professes indifference to — and even contempt for — many of the institutions our historical parks commemorate. The challenge is enormous, but worthy.

The problems faced by the National Park Service as it prepares for the second century in the development of the national park idea are not unlike those faced by the nation as it begins its third century. Dr. Lee DuBridge, the president's science adviser, has said that President Nixon has personally committed himself to these major policy areas: national security and foreign relations, urban affairs, and the environment. In varying degrees, the National Park Service is involved in all three.

Just a few years ago, to the surprise of quite a few people, I established an Office of Urban Affairs for the National Park Service. The idea may well seem a contradiction in terminology, for the popular image of national parks is generally conveyed by the great open parks of the West — Yosemite, Sequoia, Grand Canyon, and the others. Yet the concept is not in fact at all contradictory, for those areas of the system east of the Mississippi receive more than half of all park visits and accommodate more than half of our employees. A great deal has been done to service this largely urban region, but much remains to be done.

One of the first major projects to receive the personal support of Secretary of the Interior Walter J. Hickel is the proposed Gateway National Recreation Area. The secretary has agreed with Mayor John Lindsay that the National Park Service conduct a study of several beaches and islands adjacent to the harbor of New York City. In order to establish such a park, within public transportation access of metropolitan New York, our management must strengthen its orientation to the problems besetting our urban centers.

Perhaps the contribution that national parks can make to the policy area of national security and foreign relations is extremely modest; but then, perhaps, it is more than that. Out of the Yellowstone idea have come more than twelve hundred parks and equivalent preserves in almost one hundred countries stretching around the earth. The need for improving the environment of man is worldwide; and our experience in the development of parks — shared with other nations — could well be regarded as foreign aid of the most appropriate kind.

In a recent speech Russell Train, undersecretary of the interior, declared:

> *As radioactive wastes, pesticides, and the products of fossil-fuel combustion are distributed over the earth, we are beginning to understand that we live in one biosphere — a thin film of air, water, and soil on a small planet.*

The parks can no longer be isolated from the environment in which they exist, nor can they survive if the national quest for a quality environment fails.

As we look past 1972, we may see the national parks serving the purpose once served by the canary in the miner's cap, whose stilled voice signaled the presence of lethal forces. In a very real sense, the parks, with their fragile ecologies, constitute a Distant Early Warning line, warning of the consequences that surely will follow if we continue to abuse our environment. This special edition of THE AMERICAN WEST *is dedicated to helping us escape those consequences.*

George B. Hartzog, Jr.
DIRECTOR, NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

The Founding of the National Park Service

by Donald C. Swain

The implementation of an idea

MILESTONE MOUNTAIN – SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK

UNTIL THE EARLY YEARS of the twentieth century, the national parks were badly managed and often neglected. No single coordinating agency administered the system, and Congress viewed each park as an independent entity. The army controlled Yellowstone, Sequoia, General Grant, and Yosemite; the Department of the Interior was in charge of Crater Lake, Mount Rainier, Glacier, and all the others. Three separate executive departments had jurisdiction over the national monuments. Under such piecemeal management, policy coordination was virtually impossible. Further hampered by severe fiscal limitations imposed by congressional committees preoccupied with politics, the individual parks received little more than custodial care.

The main reason for this haphazard and inefficient administrative arrangement was that neither the leaders of Congress nor the policy-makers in the existing resource agencies had any real interest in preserving natural beauty. Gifford Pinchot, the head of the U.S. Forest Service, and his supporters were at the height of their power and influence in the early 1900's. They advocated giant multiple-purpose resource programs, which called for the efficient utilization of forests, mineral deposits, hydroelectric power, grasslands, and reclamation sites. Their plans almost never provided for the preservation of scenery for esthetic reasons. John Muir and his Sierra Club, who opposed Pinchot's policies, were accused of being hopelessly impractical and peddling "sentimental nonsense." The passage of the National Park Service Act of 1916 came after a prolonged dispute between these two groups of conservationists — the "practical" men, and the "nature lovers" — each convinced that their policy was the most beneficial to the nation.

For nearly ten years park enthusiasts and wilderness preservationists had been trying to obtain congressional authority for a national parks bureau. J. Horace McFarland, the president of the American Civic Association, had taken the lead in this crusade. At the White House Governors' Conference on Conservation in 1908, he had defended the concept of preserving natural beauty, though outnumbered and surrounded by Pinchot's supporters, and had persuaded President William Howard Taft and Secretary of the Interior Richard A. Ballinger to support the establishment of a national park service. Ballinger's successors, Walter L. Fisher and Franklin K. Lane, also backed the proposed agency. Congressmen John F. Lacey, Frederick C. Stevens, William Kent,

and John E. Raker repeatedly threw National Park Service bills into the congressional hopper—but to no avail. Lobbyists for the Forest Service voiced loud opposition, claiming that no new federal agency was needed to administer the national parks. Then the Hetch Hetchy controversy, in which Muir's group held out against construction of a reservoir in Yosemite National Park, further polarized the conservation movement. Congress was in no mood to establish a new conservation agency.

Meanwhile, Interior Secretaries Fisher and Lane respectively took administrative action in an attempt to put the national parks on a more solid footing. In 1911, an attorney in the Secretary of the Interior's office began devoting part time to coordinating park affairs. Two years later Lane upgraded park supervision by appointing Adolph C. Miller an assistant secretary to take charge of the parks. Two years later, Lane made his most important contribution to the cause of esthetic conservation by naming Stephen T. Mather as the man to replace Miller. Mather, who became assistant secretary in January, 1915, and his young administrative assistant, Horace M. Albright, were largely responsible for the enactment of the National Park Service Act in 1916.

Mather was ideally suited to take charge of the final drive for National Park Service legislation. A wealthy borax manufacturer from Chicago, he was an energetic, backslapping, high-minded extrovert with a fondness for mountain climbing. A long time member of the Sierra Club, he had been thoroughly imbued with the preservationist ideas of founder John Muir. Park boosters were immensely pleased when Lane announced Mather's appointment, and economy-minded members of Congress applauded Mather's announcement that he would "do all that lies in my power to establish a thorough business administration in these great national playgrounds."

Horace Albright, though only twenty-five years old in 1915, was already a gifted organizer and administrator, with considerable experience in the Interior Department. He had grown up in the Owens Valley of California, only a few miles from Sequoia and Yosemite, and he was devoted to the ideal of preserving natural beauty. He never considered himself a career civil servant; as a matter of fact, he planned to resign from the government service in the summer of 1915 to practice law in California, but Mather persuaded him to stay in Washington for a few months to launch the parks system. The two men became close friends and confidently set out to publicize the national parks, reorganize park management, select a capable staff of administrators to carry on in future years, and persuade Congress to establish a national parks bureau.

Mather's first project was to launch a publicity campaign to persuade more Americans to spend their vacations in the West. World War I had dislocated European travel, and Mather was enough of an opportunist to realize that here was a rare chance for the national parks to expand their clientele. But he needed a writer-publicist to help him acquaint the American people with the magnificent scenery and recreational opportunities in the parks. He prevailed upon Robert Sterling Yard, formerly editor of the *Century Magazine* and the Sunday *New York Herald*, to become publicity director of the parks. A steady flow of articles, written in Yard's lucid, enthusiastic style, soon began to appear in the big eastern newspapers and magazines. The campaign to persuade Congress to act was off to a fast start.

Mather's next strategy was to get acquainted with the men who were actually running the parks. He organized a national park conference in Berkeley in March, 1915, and ordered all park superintendents, many of whom were political appointees, to attend. In addition, he invited the national park franchise holders, or "concessioners." He dazzled the conferees with his sincere intensity as he systematically undertook to educate himself about the parks. On the way back to Washington, Mather and Albright contacted "governors, mayors, civic leaders, mountain club officers, and good roads proponents," to whom they preached the "economic importance of the tourist business." Their object was to win converts to the idea that, if properly advertised, the parks would attract "tourist gold" to the West. Once a supersalesman for Twenty Mule Team Borax, Mather now became an exceptionally effective salesman for America's great national playgrounds.

With keen political instinct, Mather then set out to make himself known to the most influential men in Washington. Within a few weeks, he was on a first-name basis with some of the leading members in both houses of Congress, including John Raker, William Kent, Carl Hayden, Addison T. Smith, Reed Smoot, and George Norris. He also cultivated friendly relations with George Horace Lorimer, editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, C. V. Van Anda, managing editor of the *New York Times*, and Arthur Brisbane, of the Hearst chain. In future months, all these men would be of valuable assistance to the national parks.

Mather's promotional drive accelerated at a remarkable rate during the spring and summer of 1915. Undoubtedly his most successful scheme was a camping trip in the High Sierra, on which he invited a distinguished group of legislators, conservationists, writers, publishers, and lecturers to be his guests. His purpose was to entertain the gentlemen while thoroughly indoctrinating them with the mystique of the national parks and persuading them to throw their weight behind the establishment of a National Park Service.

The party assembled in Visalia, California, "the gateway to Sequoia," on July 14, 1915, amid fanfare so great that the local papers temporarily shunted aside news of the war in Europe and Carranza's success in Mexico in favor of articles about the "big men" from Washington who planned to visit the "wonders" of the Sierra. Mather's guest list included, among others, Henry Fairfield Osborn, eminent scientist and head of the American Museum of Natural History; Emerson Hough, big-name writer and self-styled nature lover; Frederick H. Gillett, ranking Republican on the House Appropria-

tions Committee and a future Speaker of the House; Gilbert H. Grosvenor, world traveler and editor of the *National Geographic*; E. O. McCormick, vice-president of the Southern Pacific Railroad; Peter Clark Macfarlane, popular novelist and magazine writer; Burton Holmes, one of the foremost professional travelers and lecturers in the country; Ben M. Maddox, owner and publisher of the *Visalia Times*, and the *Tulare County Times*; Robert B. Marshall, of the U.S. Geological Survey; and Mather's assistant, Horace Albright.

Mather had spared no expense in outfitting his guests. Each man had a new sleeping bag and air mattress, which combined to make a "classy and perfectly comfortable" wilderness bed. There were horses to carry the men and mules to carry the supplies, which included a bountiful stock of fresh fruit, fresh eggs, and other delicacies. Gilbert Grosvenor, who had never seen the High Sierra, insisted on bedding down under the stars the first night, in the duff at the base of a redwood tree.

On July 17 the party moved out of the Giant Forest into the wilderness, traveling easily and in deluxe style. Their route carried them to the headwaters of the East Fork of the Kaweah River, across the eleven-thousand-foot Franklin Pass into the Kern River watershed, down Rattlesnake Creek to Funston Meadow, then to the summit of Mount Whitney, and out of the mountains at Lone Pine. The party was reduced by two when Holmes and Macfarlane decided they did not want to continue after Mineral King, but the rest of the group stayed with it.

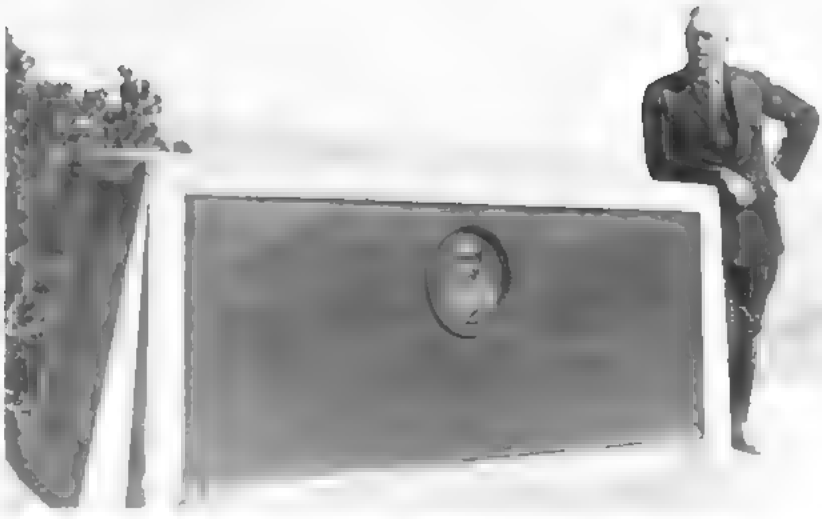
The meals prepared by Tie Sing, the party's remarkable trail cook, furnished the perfect ending to every day. As camp was pitched, he would construct a dining table, usually out of logs, and then, as one member of the party remembered it, "a linen table cloth shows up and there are real napkins for everybody." Tie Sing would put together his two collapsible stoves and calmly prepare, as at Whitney Meadow, "soup, lettuce salad, fried chicken, venison and gravy, potatoes, hot rolls, apple pie, cheese, tea, and coffee." The box lunches he served on the trail were equally substantial. Ten days after leaving the Giant Forest, the Mather party emerged from the mountains, saddle-sore and tired, ready to travel the last leg of the journey by automobile. The party broke up on July 29 after reaching the Yosemite Valley.

This two-week tour of the mountains had far-reaching results for Albright, Mather, and the national parks. It convinced Grosvenor, Osborn, Hough, and to a lesser extent Holmes and Macfarlane—all men who could render significant service in publicizing the parks—that getting a national park service act through Congress was absolutely imperative. Congressman Gillett, a powerful figure on the House Appropriations Committee, gained a favorable impression of the parks and began a close association with Mather and Albright. During the next few years, he extended much-needed political support to the National Park Service. As for Mather and Albright, the trip infected them with a new enthusiasm for the national parks and gave them the solid satisfaction of knowing that their efforts were paying off. In the fall of 1915 they decided to stay in the Interior Department a while longer with the expectation of obtaining a park service act from Congress and getting a national parks bureau firmly established.

Early in 1916 Mather launched an all-out drive for legislation. Yard had worked at breakneck speed through the summer and fall of 1915, writing articles, collecting materials about the parks, and issuing dozens of press releases. The Sixty-fourth Congress was better informed about the national parks than any previous Congress, thanks to his writing and to Mather's unstinting public relations efforts. Now the task of drafting a suitable bill began. During January and February, 1916, a planning group met frequently at Yard's Washington apartment and Kent's home in Georgetown. Regular participants included Mather, Albright, Marshall, and Yard from the Interior Department; Congressmen John Raker and William Kent; Frederick Law Olmsted, renowned landscape architect; J. Horace McFarland and Richard B. Watrous, his associate in the American Civic Association; and Huston Thompson, the assistant attorney general. Enos Mills, a longtime champion of the splendors of Rocky Mountain scenery, occasionally joined the group. These strategy sessions produced a bill calculated to please as many members of Congress as possible and, at the same time, to ensure adequate protection for the parks. Olmsted proposed the wording of the key section: "The service thus established shall promote and regulate [the use of the national parks] by such means and measures as conform to the fundamental purpose [of the parks, namely] to conserve the scenery and the natural and historic objects and the wild life therein . . . by such means as will leave them unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations."

As the official sponsor of the bill, William Kent introduced it in the House of Representatives, whereupon a well-timed wave of national parks publicity hit the newsstands. George Horace Lorimer arrayed the popular *Saturday Evening Post* on the side of the parks, and Gilbert Grosvenor devoted an entire issue of the *National Geographic* to the scenic grandeur of the United States, with special emphasis on the national parks. Then Yard's magnificent *National Parks Portfolio*, published by Scribners and paid for mostly by the western railroads, appeared. A handsomely illustrated clothbound book covering all the major parks, it was mailed free of charge to more than a quarter of a million people, carefully selected by a corps of clerks working under Albright's direction. Needless to say, every member of Congress got a copy of the *Portfolio* and the *National Geographic*. McFarland promptly threw the American Civic Association into the fight, and William E. Colby mustered the Sierra Club. It was a well-conceived and skillfully executed legislative campaign.

The Kent bill moved out of the House Public Lands Committee on schedule, but with provisions limiting the Washington office of the Park Service to $19,500 annually for



Stephen T. Mather, the "energetic, back-slapping, high-minded extrovert" who forged the National Park Service.

salaries and authorizing the secretary of the interior to grant grazing privileges in the parks. With the assistance of Edward T. Taylor of Colorado, Kent and Raker slipped the bill through the House on July 1. But the congressional session stretched into the summer, and the bill became bogged down in election-year politicking. Preoccupied by political affairs, Congress recessed in fits and starts according to an elaborate plan approved by the leadership of both houses.

Faced with this extraordinary legislative calendar and the innumerable complications it caused, Mather decided that the situation was hopeless. He had already committed himself to a second camping trip in the High Sierra in the hope of converting still another group of prominent men to the national park cause. So he headed west in July, leaving Albright to look after the fate of the Kent bill.

This young man proved how effective he could be in organizing and overseeing the drive to get the National Park Service bill passed. He and Joseph J. Cotter, the assistant superintendent of national parks, and the rest of the park service lobby (composed largely of McFarland's American Civic Association) put pressure on key members of Congress. They kept Senator Reed Smoot supplied with all the information he needed, and on August 5 the senator from Utah piloted the bill through the upper house, seeing to it that an amendment was passed striking out the provision authorizing grazing in the parks. Albright next had to coax the conferees to iron out the differences between the House and Senate versions of the bill. Since it was virtually impossible to get all of the conferees together because of the frequent recesses, Albright concentrated on the chairmen of the respective conference committees: Congressmen Scott Ferris, of Oklahoma, and Senator Henry L. Myers, of Montana. By sheer persistence, he persuaded them to work out a compromise and take it around to each individual conferee for approval. In the end, the joint Senate-House committee agreed to keep the grazing provision in the bill, except that no grazing would be allowed in Yellowstone. On August 15, the Senate approved the report of the conference committees. On the afternoon of August 22, Congressman Raker got the conference report adopted on a voice vote. (At the last minute, Congressman William H. Stafford, of Wisconsin, who opposed the creation of all new bureaus as a matter of principle, attempted to block the bill in the House. Albright, Raker, and Kent counted noses. Assured of a favorable majority, they cancelled their contingency plans—which called for Stafford to be lured out to the golf course during the debate on the bill.) President Woodrow Wilson signed the act on August 25, 1916.

Mather, camping in the Sierra, had no inkling how the bill was faring. When he came down from the mountains on August 26 after two weeks in the wilderness, a splendid surprise awaited him at Visalia's Palace Hotel. Albright's telegram read: PARK SERVICE BILL SIGNED NINE O'CLOCK LAST NIGHT. HAVE PEN USED BY PRESIDENT IN SIGNING FOR YOU. The National Park Service still keeps Albright's telegram and Wilson's pen as treasured souvenirs.

Abandoning their plans to return to private life, Mather and Albright continued their collaboration as director and assistant director of the newly established bureau, participating enthusiastically in every phase of its organization and operation. They made steady progress in arousing enthusiasm for the national parks in the halls of Congress. By the mid-1920's the National Park Service, though still in its formative years, had become one of the most respected conservation agencies in Washington. Its growth marked the coming of age of the concept of preserving natural beauty as a valid and important aspect of the federal conservation program in the United States.

Donald C. Swain, special editor for this issue of THE AMERICAN WEST, is Associate Professor of History at the University of California, Davis campus; author of *Federal Conservation Policy, 1921–1933* (1963) and *Wilderness Defender: Horace M. Albright and Conservation*, to be published this fall. Currently he is completing a major study of natural resources policy-making in the United States. Portions of his article appeared originally in "The Passage of the National Park Service Act of 1916," *Wisconsin Magazine of History* (Autumn, 1966), and are used by permission.

"Will Anyone Come Here for Pleasure?"

by Richard A. Bartlett

Yes, indeed. They do now and they did in 1883—

Yellowstone's first Vintage Year

OLD FAITHFUL—YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

INSTEAD OF THE log cabin boyhood so warmly described by aspiring politicians in the past, the statesman-to-be in America may well offer as a substitute his first trip to Yellowstone National Park. And how would this future Great American have made the journey? In his parent's camper, of course—on some pillows in a bunk that extended over the cab of a pickup truck. From that snug vantage point, he would have gazed out the window at the mountains, the geysers, and hot springs, and glimpsed the deer, elk, bear, and bison along the road. He would have fallen in love with the beautiful land that is America.

His would have been an experience shared by many in our age. Over two million visitors enter Yellowstone every year, and over a hundred million annually visit the other parks, parkways, battlefields, cemeteries, recreation areas, and monuments. All but a handful of dedicated grouches return to the humdrum of life with an enhanced love of the American land. When we realize that the National Park Service is just over half a century old, and Yellowstone's centennial is still three years away, the relative newness of the whole park movement is impressed upon us.

How, we ask, did the idea of national parks come about? In point of time, the answer lies within little more than the last century. Such earlier conservationists as Jonathan Edwards, Colonel William Bird, William Bartram, Crevecoeur, Philip Freneau, James Fenimore Cooper, Washington Irving, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry David Thoreau, and George Catlin were literally voices crying in a diminishing wilderness. Then, in 1856, the agonizingly slow response to their pleas for the preservation of natural lands received a strong impetus when New York City purchased acreage for Central Park. Frederick Law Olmstead was appointed superintendent of the park and remained at that post until May of 1863, when he accepted a position as director of mining on John C. Fremont's vast California estate at Mariposa. There he became acquainted with giant trees and was able to journey to the spectacular Yosemite region.

Olmstead's progressive ideas on wilderness preservation gave aid to a group of Californians who, concerned over the increasing number of private claims in the Yosemite Valley, petitioned the Senate to protect the natural beauties of the valley. A bill was introduced "authorizing a grant to the State of California of the Yosemite Valley, and of the land em-

bracing the Mariposa Big Tree Grove," and was signed into law on June 30, 1864, although a foot-dragging California legislature did not take the necessary steps to make the bill operative until April 2, 1866. (This does not make Yosemite the first *national* park, however, since the lands were transferred to California, and that state was to administer and protect the grant.) The embryo of the whole national park idea was embodied in the lines of this act, which stipulated that "the premises shall be held for public use, resort, and recreation; shall be unalienable for all time; but leases not exceeding ten years may be granted for portions of said premises. . . ."

In its influence on national acceptance of the idea of natural parks, Yosemite was successful. In 1865 Olmstead conducted Speaker of the House Schuyler Colfax, Samuel Bowles of the Springfield (Massachusetts) *Republican*, and Albert Richardson of the New York *Tribune* through the park. Bowles wrote, "It is a pity that other great natural objects of interest and points of attractions for travelers in our country could not be similarly rescued from subjection to speculating purposes, or destruction by settlement." Richardson described the federal action in setting aside Yosemite as "wise legislation," which secured the region for all time "to the proper national uses." Clearly, a precedent had been established.

By 1872, with the Yosemite Act on the books for eight years, the idea of wilderness parks had had time to ripen in the American mind. Thus, when newspapers carried stories about the wonders of the Yellowstone region, the populace, once convinced of the truth of the stories, was prepared to favor the creation of a *national* park there—national because Yellowstone was surrounded by federally administered territories, whereas Yosemite was within the boundaries of a state of the federal union.

The "intelligence from the West"—descriptions and tales of Yellowstone—had been drifting eastward for a long time. Trappers had certainly seen the geysers, and by the 1850s the stories related by John Colter (who may or may not have seen them), Daniel T. Potts, Joseph L. Meek, William Sublette, Jim Bridger, Baptiste Ducharne, Johnson Gardner, Robert Meldrum, Warren Angus Ferris, and Osborne Russell had gained credence among many interested people. In the 1860s miners from Virginia City, Montana, had seen the wonders, and some of the prospectors were literate. Walter W. DeLacy, who led a group there in 1863, even drew a map of the region. And after the Jesuit priest, Father F. A. Kuppens, had described it to some Montana officials, the desire to explore the upper Yellowstone River became widespread among members of that territory's "establishment." In 1869 three young men—Charles W. Cook, David E. Folsom, and William Peterson—made a preliminary exploration, a forerunner of the notable Washburn-Langford-Doane expedition of leading Montana citizens in the late summer of 1870.

From the fame of this exploration came the incentive for the first expedition to the Yellowstone of Ferdinand V. Hayden's Geographical and Geological Survey of the Territories in 1871. Hayden had with him the pioneer photographer, William Henry Jackson, whose pictures helped broadcast the region's wonders and were a measurable influence on the passage of a bill in 1872 creating Yellowstone as the country's first national park.

That story is far too complex to relate here. At least a dozen men, including certain officials of the Northern Pacific Railroad, Father Kuppens, four or five members of the Washburn-Langford-Doane Expedition, Hayden, Jackson, General Sheridan, and certain senators, representatives, and a territorial delegate, contributed to the passage of the park bill. A powerful idea had arrived at its proper moment; the bill passed through House and Senate with surprising ease and was signed by President Grant on March 1, 1872.

The act was very similar to the Yosemite bill, reserving a specified area "from settlement, occupancy, or sale under the laws of the United States," and dedicating it "as a public park and pleasuring ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people. . . ." It provided for the preservation of the area "from injury or spoilation" and proscribed "the wanton destruction of fish and game . . ."; it gave exclusive jurisdiction to the secretary of the interior and provided for the assignment of leases by him. But there were no provisions in the act for appropriations or enforcement of the regulations. Nevertheless, as of March 1, 1872, Yellowstone National Park was a vague reality somewhere in the wilds of the American northwest, created hastily by a busy Congress and then left to fend for itself

For the next fourteen years the Department of the Interior administered the park, for much of the time with no funds to implement the assignment. The superintendents were unpaid; there was no one to police the park; and if violators were caught, there was no way to prosecute them. Tourists carried off wagonloads of sinter (calcium deposits) from the geysers, threw everything from handkerchiefs to tree stumps into the thermal springs, set the woods on fire with their unattended campfires, and along with poachers, slaughtered the wildlife and caught fish by the thousands. Yellowstone became a sort of reservation for the pleasures of despoilment.

A few squatters maintained bathhouses, a semblance of hotel accommodations, and transportation facilities within the park. And some enterprising individuals in Gardiner, the Upper Yellowstone Valley, and Virginia City provided guides and the necessary accouterments for tours through the park—at a price. One superintendent, the quixotic but energetic Philetus W. Norris, constructed some scars through the wilderness which he rather audaciously described as "roads." Army contingents found excuses for entering the park, sometimes chasing Indians (the Nez Percés and the Bannocks), making a reconnaissance, or simply having a junket for such officer-sportsmen as Generals Sherman and Sheridan, both of whom loved the park. And a few curious, adventurous folk ventured in, along with occasional scientists. But by and large, the park witnessed few sightseers until the year 1883—which

must stand as Yellowstone's first vintage year.

In that year the center of western activity was the American Northwest. Henry Villard's Northern Pacific Railroad opened the span of country from Minneapolis–St. Paul to the Pacific, and his energetic public relations officials advertised it far and wide. Among other attributes of this "land of the future" was, of course, Yellowstone. The Northern Pacific would run up the Yellowstone River to within sixty miles of the park entrance, and then push westward to the Pacific. The line would be completed sometime in 1883. The time had come, therefore, for the enterprising to tap the park for whatever profits it could deliver.

By late autumn of 1882 the sounds of hammers, winches, and sawmills were heard at Mammoth Hot Springs, as a great hotel, designed by LeRoy S. Buffington, father of the skyscraper, began to rise from the ground just northeast of the terraces. Further plans were made for temporary tent hotels at Norris, Geyser Basin, Old Faithful, and Canyon. Meanwhile, an initial survey was being made for a branch line of the railroad to run on standard-gauge track from Livingston to Gardiner. Livingston, sixty miles down the Yellowstone from the park, was itself a brand new town; nonexistent in 1881, it boasted three to four thousand inhabitants by the summer of 1883 after the arrival of the Northern Pacific. Thirty-nine saloons kept the inhabitants contented.

The principal entrepreneur in the park was the Wall Street speculator Rufus Hatch. "Uncle Rufus," as his friends, enemies, and the press called him, was president of the Yellowstone National Park Improvement Company. He was proudest of the Mammoth Hot Springs (or National) Hotel. It was to be 414 feet long, 54 feet deep, and four stories high, "of a graceful and elaborate style of architecture." As it stood in the late summer of 1883, it had 141 "commodious" rooms and, wrote Hatch in December of that year, was "substantially built"—a statement that rather stretched the truth. Only the central part had been completed by autumn of 1883, in spite of Hatch's untiring efforts. Still, it boasted running water, and the piazzas were illuminated by electricity, certainly a novelty to the local populace. Hatch also advertised his tent camps, which he had established on a temporary basis in lieu of permanent and spacious hotels, at Norris, Old Faithful, and at the Great Falls of the Yellowstone. A stay at a tent camp meant trekking an additional 27 to 85 miles beyond Mammoth.

Joining the railroad and hotel builders, young Captain Dan Kingman of the army engineers was busy spending an initial $29,000 appropriation for roads. His system would be similar to today's routes, with the main entrance being south from Gardiner at the northern boundary, then southwest by south past Mammoth, Norris Geyser Basin, and the junction of the Gibbon and the Firehole (Madison Junction). Then it would continue south into the Lower, Middle, and Upper Basins. There would also be a road eastward over Mary Mountain to Mud Volcano and the Falls of the Yellowstone. A trail would run northeast over Dunraven Pass and down to Tower Falls, then northwest back up to Mammoth. For use on the roads, such as they were, hotelman Hatch had contracted for stage service with the Montana firm of Wakefield and Hoffman. Most of their equipment at this time was buckboards, buggies, and surreys. The stages and tally-ho coaches, so characteristic of the Yellowstone scene a few years later, were not yet in evidence.

Meanwhile the branch rail line was working up through Paradise Valley and Yankee Jim Canyon of the Upper Yellowstone. On August 30 the last rail was laid at a point 51 miles and 3,505 feet south of Livingston. There, at Cinnabar, a townlet platted by the Northern Pacific, the Park Branch terminated until 1903 when, certain claims to the right of way having been cleared, it advanced another two and a half miles to Gardiner.

The stubbornness of old Buckskin Jim Cutler in refusing to sell the right of way between Cinnabar and Gardiner was a matter of some annoyance to the latter community. Nevertheless, things were looking up for Gardiner, whose main street was the boundary of the park: it boasted twenty-one saloons, six restaurants, five general stores, two hardware stores, two fruit stands, two barber shops, one newsstand, one billiard hall, one blacksmith, and one milkman. It also had two dance halls and four houses of ill fame. In midsummer "color" was found in the Gardiner River, and the population swelled even more with an influx of prospectors.

Clearly, the franchise operators of Yellowstone Park and the men of the Northern Pacific and the Park Branch line, as well as all the citizenry from Livingston to Gardiner, anticipated a bonanza from tourism in the season of 1883. A real bonanza never materialized, but that summer was certainly a profitable one; at no time in park history, before or since, have so many dignitaries from the United States and abroad visited the park.

The several score of celebrities were, for the most part, attached in one way or another to one of four or five parties that visited the reservation: President Chester A. Arthur's party, Hatch's "dudes and dudesses," Henry Villard's Northern Pacific excursion, an Associated Press editorial party, General Sherman's party, and U.S. Geological Survey groups.

President Chester Alan Arthur's trip was the most publicized. This obscure president-by-assassination, who was kind, gracious, and pleasant in his personal relationships, had suffered a chill on the night of April 19, 1883. The public believed he had recovered, but those who worked with him were well aware of his failing health. When he participated in the dedication of the Brooklyn Bridge late in May, his loss of buoyancy, his pallor, and increasing gray in his hair and whiskers were cause for concern. When a lightened work schedule did not seem to help, a summer trip was organized to promote his recuperation, and Yellowstone National Park was the principal destination.

The presidential plans called for General Oliver O. How-

Wagon road along the Yellowstone River.

ard, the commander of the Department of the Platte, to make a trip into the park as an advance man for the Arthur party. This time the general, who had been through the park in pursuit of Chief Joseph in 1877, was accompanied by his wife Lizzie and an Englishwoman guest, Mrs. Samuel Bright, sister-in-law of the statesman John Bright. While in the park that June, Howard met and traveled with Henry M. Flagler, a wealthy Rockefeller partner and Florida railroad builder.

The president's party left the railroad at Green River, Wyoming, on Monday, August 5. President Arthur rode in one of the three spring wagons that carried the V.I.P.'s—Secretary of War Robert Lincoln; Senator George Vest and his son; General Philip Sheridan and a relative, Colonel Michael Sheridan; Judge Daniel G. Rollins, a close friend of the president's; General Anson Stager, of Chicago, Governor Schuyler Crosby, of Montana; and Surgeon James Forwood. There were also a military escort, a couple of guides, including "Yellowstone Jack" Baronette, and packers for the 180-animal pack train. The Yellowstone photographer F. Jay Haynes was also along to record the trip.

At Fort Washakie all hands transferred from the wagons to horses or mules. They crossed into Jackson Hole via Lincoln Pass (named by Sheridan the previous year in honor of the secretary of war), forded the Gros Ventre River, and advanced up the east side of the Tetons and on northward into the park. By August 23 they were encamped at the north end of Lewis Lake.

The president's success as a fisherman was well publicized. It was reported that he rose at five o'clock in the morning, the first one up, and donned a flannel shirt and a large hat. He conveyed at least the impression of good health and conviviality, and he definitely enjoyed fishing. Although one newspaper quipped that the first trout he caught was embalmed and forwarded to the Smithsonian, even his critics had to accept the continual reports of his expertise. Actually, it is more of a commentary on the natural and undisturbed richness of the trout streams in that part of the country in 1883 than a testament of the president's angling abilities. At one cast he caught three fish weighing four and a quarter pounds in the aggregate, and, so the reporter stated, on "each of some six other casts [he] took two fine specimens." Senator Vest (Missouri's "little tobacco-sign Senator") took the most fish, although the president's catch weighed the most —105 pounds.

The party proceeded to the Upper Geyser Basin, then via Shoshone Lake over to Yellowstone Lake, then to the Falls and the Canyon, and on over Dunraven Pass. By August 29 they were encamped two miles below Jack Baronette's bridge, where the Lamar joins the Yellowstone. By this time the president had been in the field for more than three weeks, and the vacation had perhaps lasted too long. "The president is by no means indisposed," wrote Colonel Sheridan, "but, though his cheeks are bronzed and healthy looking, he looks old and worn and stoops as he rides. The long journey has evidently been too fatiguing."

The Arthur party pitched its final camp in the enclosed lot surrounding the superintendent's residence at Mammoth. Late that afternoon a big campfire was built, around which

the men sat and chatted. And there the president was visited by members of Rufus Hatch's party, who were then reassembling after being scattered all through the park.

The Hatch party was made up of journalists, men of wealth, and those of high position and noble blood. A few were Americans, but most were from England, France, or Germany. There were correspondents representing the New York *Times*, the New York *Herald*, the New York *Tribune*, the Chicago *Tribune*, the London Daily *Telegraph*, the London Morning *Post*, *Figaro*, the *Imperial Gazette*, and the *Allgemein Zeitung*. And there were aristocrats, members of the British Parliament and the German Reichstag, and sundry representatives of the *nouveau riche*. Hatch brought them to Yellowstone on a special train in the hope that they would become heavy investors in his enterprises and entice their wealthy associates to do the same.

The seemingly endless railroad journey from Hoboken, New Jersey, finally terminated at Cinnabar. There wagons and buggies waited to convey them to the National Hotel and thence through the park. At the terminus the "pilgrims" experienced their first real western thrill. "Uncle Rufus" Hatch introduced them to two bona fide, long-haired western hunters and pointed out a meek individual sitting dejectedly off to one side. He was George Weber, "the mad Dutchman," who had committed a murder at Gardiner and fled to the park. The hunters had tracked him down and captured him, and were now taking the fugitive to Livingston.

The twelve miles to Mammoth were no luxury, the road being rutted or non-existent. The passengers held on for their lives as the wagons clattered on, raising dust "like an army train." At the same time they had to be watchful in order to prevent their feet and legs from being crushed by the luggage, which slid backward and forward as they clattered up and down the hills. Once they halted at a tent saloon whose prices (as one of the correspondents noted), like the hills, were high. A half-pint of lager beer or a thimbleful of whiskey, neither of them very good, was two shillings. Commenting that the half-dollar was almost the smallest coin thereabouts, one of the shorn lambs predicted that the proprietor would soon return east a millionaire. By noon the caravan had arrived "at the rough wooden steps of a huge wooden structure." This was the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel—"as yet incomplete," wrote the London *Times* man, "like everything else in this country of magnificent scenery and inflated prices."

To the Hatch party it seemed impossible that so imposing, so modern, so luxurious a hotel could have been erected in such a wilderness. William Hardman of the London Morning *Post* described it in some detail, noting that it was made of wood save for the red brick chimneys, and that the one-third of it so far completed was a "very picturesque structure, with gaily painted red roof and deep verandahs, capable of accommodating a couple of hundred guests." He found the rooms and corridors "very spacious," the latter illuminated by electric lights. For the pleasure of the guests there were "two excellent billiard tables" and, as a gift from Mr. Steinway to the Yellowstone National Park Improvement Company, a fine grand piano. "I should like to have that grand piano's opinion of the journey from the end of the railway track," Hardman added.

The meals were well cooked by a French chef, who had commented as he descended the last hill to the hotel, after the long trip from New York, "Do you mean to tell me that anyone will come here for pleasure?" The guests were especially fond of his American ice cream, with which every meal was ended.

All the resort hotels of the Gilded Age boasted great porches, upon which the well-fed "better element" could sit on rocking chairs and wicker settees to watch the daily prom-

The Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, 414 feet long, 54 feet deep, four stories high, with 141 "commodious" rooms.

enade. The porch of the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel was 440 feet long. The hall inside was sufficiently marvelous to attract the visitation of every kind and condition of westerner for miles around, vying with nature as an attraction during that first season. There were "hunters, drivers, settlers, and 'cowboys' . . . and they congregated in the great hall of the hotel until it resembled a stage fixed with the 'supers' in 'Fra Diavolo.' Sombrero hats, high leather boots and leggings, belts of cartridges, and revolvers abounded, especially at night," wrote Hardman. The scene rather alarmed the ladies, but in due time they grew accustomed to it.

Members of the Hatch party crawled over the Hot Springs terraces and hung up "horse-shoes, bottles, jugs, cups, and other articles to be coated and carried off as curiosities," noting that already many of the delicate formations had been destroyed. They slept at the hotel and then headed out in their assorted wagons for the Norris Geyser Basin. The twenty-five miles to the first "canvastown" was a pleasant drive, in spite of the dust, terrible roads, and flimsy bridges. At four in the afternoon the wagons jogged over a log bridge and came to a halt before a row of half a dozen tents, set up in a meadow. This was "Uncle Rufus' " temporary tent hotel. "They charge a sovereign a day, like the most sumptuous hotels in America," complained one of the dudes, "and the guests have to behave very well indeed to get any accommodation."

Arriving there tired, hungry, and dusty, they found a single bench with two wash basins on it to serve the entire company —provided they brought the water up from the river themselves. The landlady insisted that "one towel was enough for any two men in the outfit," and there was no looking glass nor any chairs except in the "dining tent." Some sleeping facilities were housed in the dining tent, and loiterers over evening coffee had to be driven out so that beds could be made on the floor. In the sleeping tents there were four beds, with two persons to a bed, eight persons to a tent. A single candle stuck in an empty beer bottle furnished light for each such shelter. Many of the beds were on the ground, "the pillows being the thinnest ever seen in this free country, with not a sheet or pillow-case in the entire 'hotel'."

The meals at Norris were good. However, they were served only at regular hours, and since there were too few chairs at the tables, one had to watch the door to the dining tent carefully and make a dash for it when he saw a vacancy. The fatigued tourists retired at dusk to very hard beds—if they had beds. Wrote one weary traveler, "You were ready to rise very early in the morning to shiver in the cold wind outside the tent while you waited your turn at the two wash-basins provided for the 40 or 50 people who usually huddle in overnight." Such accommodations were, indeed, a bit primitive for people of affluence and position, and many slept fitfully

The Norris Geyser Basin was especially eerie, for fires had burned through the woods, leaving gaunt stumps that assumed ominous contours in the night shadows. Campfires of other visitors flamed here and there among the trees, and the odor of sulphur and persistent bubbling sound of springs and geysers added to the vision of an inferno. Some of the visitors carried off bushels of specimens . . . of the geyserite incrustations, while others coaxed up lazy geysers by throwing stones into them.

The road that the dudes took the next morning, bound for the Lower, Middle, and Upper Basins, was worse than anything they had so far experienced. "The more important torrents were crossed on rough bridges that quickly jolted down your breakfast," wrote the *Times* correspondent. Dust enveloped everything, while the wagons and pack trains they met coming down from above added to the distress Stumps were "liberally sprinkled along the roadway," and when horses stepped in hot waters coming from the springs, they jumped and stamped about. Along the Gibbon the narrow road tilted toward the chasm, and the caravan had to "hold on by the eyelids almost to get safely through." Sometimes, the jehu simply guided the horses up the creek bed for a few hundred feet, that being the easiest way ahead. At one narrow spot, the party met a freight wagon coming down. Each driver went ahead to size up the road and argue about who should back up. "They concluded that a quarrel would do no good, and then all hands went to work with their axes to clear the new road. Chips flew and dust was plentiful, but a half hour's hard work got the tangle unravelled." Indeed, it was "very hard and slow travelling through this awful country."

The canvastown near Old Faithful at the Upper Geyser Basin was well laid out in a semicircle, and close enough to some hot springs for the tourists to wash off thirty-five miles of dust. The towel department had deteriorated, however; here they averaged one for every four men. From Old Faithful they rolled over Mary Mountain to the Yellowstone River, and down to another tent hotel at the Canyon and Great Falls, the best managed of the three tent towns they encountered. From Canyon the weary party retraced their route back to Mammoth

It was this party, then, who hiked over to President Arthur's camp to pay their respects. There they found their fellow campers shabbily dressed, looking rather the worse for their rough journey. Secretary Lincoln greeted them in his shirtsleeves. Senator Vest's clothes were "so dilapidated that they would not have sold for a sovereign." He looked, commented the *Times* reporter, "with his crushed hat and rusty-coloured neck-handkerchief tied loosely around his throat, like a veteran Texas cowboy . . . and no one would have supposed that the tall, robust man in blouse and white felt hat, with check shirt and sunburnt face, who shook us heartily by the hand and talked freely to anyone who chose to approach him, was the head of the nation and the lineal descendant in office of the most dignified and punctilious of rulers, George Washington." Uncle Rufus's trainload of wealthy sportsmen and entrepreneurs looked little better. "His collection of celebrities is simply wonderful," commented one newspaper. "Barnum

never succeeded in bringing together, even in wax, so many illustrious personages."

The presidential party and the Hatch caravan, both of which left the park via Cinnabar and Livingston, were the two most notable parties of pilgrims to the Yellowstone in the season of 1883, but other notables came, too. The Northern Pacific was completed that summer, and Henry Villard, who was its president until squeezed out in early autumn, carried not one but five trainloads of dignitaries to the site of the driving of the last rail spike. A week or ten days following that event (around mid-September, 1883) one of the parties detrained at Cinnabar and made the rounds of the park. Many in this group were German or English visitors.

Early in August the Pacific Express dropped off two sleepers and a dining car at Livingston, an "editorial excursion" party of thirty-nine men, all of them representatives of the Associated Press. They too went on up to Cinnabar and "did the park." In this same season General Sherman led a party through, in his official capacity of General of the Army. He entered via Fort Ellis (near Bozeman) and Gardiner, but left by way of the Nez Percé trail, passing through Beaver Canyon and the Big Hole of western Montana to Fort Missoula. His group included General Alfred H. Terry, Commander of the Department of Dakota, and Colonels Forsyth, Tidball, and Dodge; the President's nephew, Lieutenant Arthur of the Navy; Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, Morison R. Waite; Associate Justice Horace Gray; and Senator George F. Edmunds, president pro tempore of the United States Senate.

An army survey crew worked west into the park from Fort McKinney, near present Buffalo, Wyoming. Two teams of the U.S. Geological Survey worked the park that summer, one of them led by the noted geologist Arnold Hague. The old sportsman Roscoe Conkling inspected the park. Other Very Important Visitors were G. Hilton Scribner, formerly state secretary of New York; J. Warren Keifer, of Ohio, the Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives; Rear Admiral John L. Worden; and Judge Edwards Pierrepont, former American minister to England.

Several parties arrived in special railway cars. One carful came from Philadelphia; another car carried the guests of the traffic superintendent of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad; and still another carried the party led by E. H. Talbot, editor of *Railway Age*. His private car, named for his journal, was said to be the finest railway car in the world. Another one brought a delegation from a Saginaw, Michigan, hunting club. And finally, the first dude ranch operator of note took a look-see at the park in the summer of 1883. He was a Pennsylvanian-gone-west named Howard Eaton, who had established a ranch on the Little Missouri. (Yellowstone's bridle paths bear his name—the Howard Eaton Trail—attesting to his long interest in the park.)

In this same vintage year railroaders, expecting government approval of their plans, set surveyors to work on the approaches from the south and west. There was also a continuing belief that the Park Branchline would soon enter the reservation, proceed to the Lamar Junction and then up the Lamar Valley and Soda Butte Creek to Cooke City, the site of gold and silver veins. The United States commissioner of railroads, in his annual report to the secretary of the interior for 1883, actually took a firm stand in favor of a railroad to and through the park. He felt that "it would not in the least deface the park," and would actually prevent the destruction of thousands of acres of timber that were annually set ablaze by tourists.

When the summer season ended, the people of the park and the Upper Yellowstone Valley could look back upon the most active, exciting, and varied season in Yellowstone's history, and old timers might later insist that never since then has the park been such an exciting topic of conversation. It had welcomed European nobility, people of great wealth, the President of the United States, many a politician (if not statesmen—they were rare in the Gilded Age), Supreme Court justices, government geologists, journalists, generals, railroad surveyors, and a murderer. Two young men had died, drowned while attempting to ford the Yellowstone below the lake. Superintendent Patrick Conger estimated that twenty thousand people visited the park that season, about a fourth of them coming by rail and stage, and the rest by private conveyance.

Eventually, autumn did come. The still haze hung over the far ranges; aspens flamed into yellows and reds and golds; bears, so fat that they waddled but with coats shiny and sleek, sought hibernating dens, and long V's of ducks winged southward. In the freezing temperatures of night and the coolness of day, the forest fires ceased to break out. For the most part, human activity—roadbuilding, surveying, sawmilling for new structures, and tourism—all came to a halt. It was as if the forest and the animals were exhausted after the long season's run. On October 1 Nature took over as a heavy storm struck the park, leaving a foot of snow in its wake. Peace returned to the Yellowstone.

Many years would pass before the park would see such feverish activity again. Within a few months Rufus Hatch's Yellowstone Park Improvement Company fell into bankruptcy. The proposed railroad never besmirched the park's terrain. But the parade of sightseers has never stopped: today more than two million visitors a year swarm over Yellowstone's natural marvels. Still, one wonders if any of them will take away such a lasting impression as did those distinguished visitors of the summer of '83.

Richard A. Bartlett is Professor of History at Florida State University. He has written extensively on the subject of the American West, and his publications include *Great Surveys of The American West* (1962). He is now working on a book-length study of Yellowstone National Park.

Ansel Adams & The National Parks: I

Mts. Jackson and Fustlade, Glacier National Park, Montana

For more than a generation, the photographic artistry of Ansel Adams has provided a unique view of the natural world that surrounds us. Using the camera not to duplicate but to transcend vision, he has captured in his work all the sweep and wonder, the power and, indeed, the glory of America's wilderness landscapes. Some of the most majestic of those landscapes are contained in the national parks, and for thirty years and more, Ansel Adams has given them a special devotion and a deeply personal response, as he has written: "I tried to approach the splendors and minutiae of elemental nature... with a reverent lens." In the pages that follow, and in the photographic portfolios presented within this issue, are selections of the work his "reverent lens" has produced—a tribute and a counterpoint to the beauty of our national parks.

Tenaya Lake,
Yosemite
National Park,
California

Mt McKinley
National Park,
Alaska.

(Overleaf).
Haleakala Crater,
Haleakala National
Park, Maui, Hawaii.

Aspens, Grand Canyon National Park, Arizona

Harding, Coolidge, and the Lady Who Lost Her Dress

by Horace M. Albright

Ten years as Yellowstone's first superintendent

IT WAS HALF a century ago, in June of 1919, that I became superintendent of Yellowstone National Park, the first civilian since 1886 to hold that post. At the time of my appointment, I was assistant director of the National Park Service in Washington, D.C., under Stephen T. Mather.

The National Park Service faced a number of difficult problems in 1919. Able men had to be recruited to fill ranks depleted by World War I. Congress had to be convinced to expand the budget for the national parks. And new policies had to be developed to handle the large influx of visitors in the postwar period. Nearly everywhere, the parks were confronted with throngs of travelers, because of the release of war tensions and the new popularity of automobile touring. There were insistent demands for more accommodations, new campgrounds, widened and improved highways, more park publications, an expanded information service, better public relations—and new national parks!

The situation in Yellowstone was a particular worry to Director Mather. This great park had not even been opened to automobiles until August 1, 1915. Except for a few residents of nearby states who ventured there in their wagons or on horses, visitors came to the park by rail and moved from place to place inside the park by horse-drawn stages. Not until 1917 did buses replace the stages.

From 1886 to 1918, cavalry troops of the U.S. Army had patrolled the park, protecting it from trespassers and fighting forest fires, set mostly by lightning. They had little or nothing to do with the visiting public. The commander was the acting superintendent of the park, reporting to the Secretary of the Interior and to the Secretary of War. Army engineers supervised maintenance of the road system. Civilians operated the shops, guided the cavalry patrols, and performed miscellaneous services, such as assisting in wildlife protection. For all practical purposes, park visitors were left completely to the concessioners who operated the hotels, stage lines, permanent camps and stores. No program existed for public relations with the adjoining states or local communities.

Lunch stations, stables, barns, corrals, warehouses for hay and grain, and horse-drawn vehicles of all kinds littered scores of acres near the principal park features. A landscape restoration program of enormous proportions had to be instituted. Wildlife problems needed specialized attention, directed, if possible, by a man with understanding and love of birds and mammals.

I was ordered to take up residence in Yellowstone, and operate the park with the broadest authority, coupled with personal discretion. For a young man of 29, the scope of my duties and responsibilities seemed overwhelming, in spite of my years of experience in Washington and my boyhood in the mountains of California. My instructions called for me to concentrate my efforts in ten general areas: first, to perfect an organization of permanent rangers; second, to supervise the park concessioners, who were operating hotels, permanent camps, transportation, and mercantile enterprises; third, to transfer control of visitors from the concessioners to the National Park Service; fourth, to establish information offices and guide services in the park; fifth, to convert Fort Yellowstone into a permanent park headquarters; sixth, to convert cavalry patrol stations in all parts of the park to ranger stations as quickly as possible; seventh, to give special emphasis to protection of wildlife, particularly elk, bison, antelope, and deer, who were migratory animals likely to leave the park in winters of heavy snow; eighth, to cultivate the acquaintance of civic and other organizations in the three neighboring states as opportunity to do so appeared; ninth, to keep roads, trails, telephone lines, and other facilities in repair; and finally, to construct new campgrounds with water, sanitation, and other facilities as funds became available.

My first year in Yellowstone was difficult. For one thing, the summer was hot and dry, and there were many forest fires, some in remote parts of the park. Road crews, rangers, and men recruited from nearby communities fought these fires. One of our biggest was in the wilderness near Mountain Ash Creek, in the southwest corner of the park. It caught us with no equipment or crew and I was forced to commandeer a private party's supplies and men. I was embarrassed to find later that the party was headed by the former Secretary of the Interior, Hon. Walter L. Fisher, of Chicago. His interest in the park, it turned out, was much greater than his concern for his own convenience or that of his family, and he was proud that he could cooperate. We soon returned his crew and horses to him, and refilled his larder of supplies

My first experience with organized parties of visitors occurred during this year; one sponsored by the *Brooklyn Eagle* and headed by H. V. Kaltenborn, its associate editor, who later was to become famous as a radio newscaster. I was asked to meet this party in Denver, for it was traveling by special train to all the larger national parks, including the Grand Canyon, which had just been given park status. I arranged for the party to stop over in Cheyenne for the Frontier Days celebration, then go to Yellowstone. Even though I had troubles galore in my own park, I was instructed by Washington to accompany the *Eagle* party to Glacier National Park. There the Blackfeet Indians gave us a rousing welcome and made Mr. Kaltenborn a member of the tribe, giving him a beautiful head-dress and naming him "Mountain Chief." Excited, the new "chief" searched his pockets as the initiation proceeded for a gift to present to the Indian Chief, Fish Wolf Robe. He finally gave him his Swiss watch, his most precious item of personal jewelry. The next morning I invited Fish Wolf Robe to breakfast and he offered to sell the watch back to me for fifteen dollars; I paid him twenty-five dollars for its return to Kaltenborn. After getting the party started on its way through Glacier Park, I returned to Yellowstone, only to be confronted with the most worrisome problem to arise for years to come.

Returning veterans seeking new farm lands and owners of irrigated homesteads in Idaho wanting more water were requesting permission to build a reclamation dam or dams in the Bechler River basin in the southwest corner of Yellowstone Park. First, they petitioned to survey the park for water storage purposes. Director Mather and I vetoed the idea, but Secretary Lane overruled us, granted a permit for the survey, and frankly advised us that if irrigation works were found to be feasible, he would endorse legislation authorizing them. I found ways to delay the initial engineering studies, and an early snowfall killed chances for extensive work that year Nevertheless, the Idaho irrigation groups had legislation introduced in Congress to authorize the Bechler River project.

Before leaving Washington for Yellowstone that year, I had agreed to keep my apartment in the capital, and return during the winter for duty. From November until the middle of March the threatened reclamation invasion of Yellowstone haunted me continually. To begin with, Secretary Lane directed me to write a favorable report on the pending legislation to authorize the irrigation works. Mather and his associates, including myself, were forbidden to oppose it or stir up opposition. I dragged my feet as long as I could. Over and over, we tried to persuade the Secretary to join us in opposition. Finally just as we had decided to resign rather than support the Bechler project, Secretary Lane himself suddenly resigned. He was succeeded by John Barton Payne, a distinguished Chicago lawyer, who promptly reversed his predecessor's stand, and authorized us to write an adverse report.

At once, I began an attempt to bring Montana into opposition with Idaho on any plan to obtain authority for irrigation works in Yellowstone. I also tried to secure the support of Wyoming officials for our position. I was successful in both efforts. Montana engineers hastily planned a dam at the outlet of Lake Yellowstone, and secured the aid of the state's politicians. Idaho promoters went further in 1920, and planned, not only the dam at Lake Yellowstone, but two tunnels through the Continental Divide and a dam at Heart Lake to bring water from the Missouri River watershed to that of the Snake-Columbia. Wyoming state officials had no objection to this plan, and even expressed regret that the park's waters could not be employed in Wyoming. Secretary Payne visited Yellowstone in 1920, and made it unmistakably clear that as long as he was in the Interior Department, there would be no dams or other irrigation or power works authorized in the park. Later, in 1921, Albert B. Fall became Secretary of the

Interior and announced that he, too, opposed the Montana and Idaho proposals. This effectively blocked them.

There were other problems during my first year in the Yellowstone. At the end of the hot, dry summer, with its many forest fires, came early snowstorms that drove the elk herds from the high ranges to valleys and open hillsides near the north boundary. We had a small supply of hay in the park, enough to sustain the bison herd on the Lamar River, but not enough to feed the elk. They left the park by the thousands. Many were killed by hunters, and as the intensely cold and snowy winter advanced, starvation threatened to wipe them out. We finally procured funds from Congress and several private parties to purchase hay (at as much as sixty dollars per ton). Between five and six thousand elk starved to death that winter in spite of over fourteen hundred tons of forage provided them. I deeply regretted this.

Another problem that worried us was the high price paid by members of the B.P.O.E. for elk's teeth to be used for jewelry. About this time, Director Mather and I helped to persuade leading officers of the lodge to take steps to declare genuine elk teeth as having no official status and to discourage their use. This stopped much of the poaching along the north boundary, largely for the elk's two valuable teeth.

In 1919, I made several trips south of the park in efforts to develop interest for our plan to annex the Tetons and northern Jackson Hole country in Wyoming, although opposition had spread over much of that state. Owners of "dude ranches" feared park status would mean more roads and more tourists. Cattle and sheep men claimed that our protective wildlife policies would reduce hunting on the one hand and mean more winter plundering of haystacks by hungry elk, on the other. They also feared that park predators would increase and prey on their livestock. The town of Cody thought that another park entrance would reduce travel through its gateway. And, of course, the Forest Service did not want to lose jurisdiction over some of its most beautiful scenic regions. So I made little headway with park extension that first year, and did only slightly better over the next five; although each year a few individuals, singly or in groups, would come over to our side.

Every time a prominent writer, business or professional man, or government official came to the park, I would invite him to take a trip to the Teton country. This ordinarily took two days, with a stop-over at Ben Sheffield's lodge on Jackson Lake. I was especially pleased when I could get a member of the U.S. Senate or House of Representatives to make the trip with me. I cannot remember that I ever failed to convince these guests of the need for action to protect that magnificent region. Once in a while, a guest would "go overboard," out of enthusiasm for the project. One of these was George Horace Lorimer, editor of the *Saturday Evening Post;* he and his family came to the park in 1920. Every morning he would pound the breakfast table and say, "Albright, bring me my morning geyser!" He became a stalwart supporter of park extension and assigned four of his staff writers to work on publicity: Emerson Hough, Hal Evarts, Kenneth Roberts, and Herbert Quick. Roberts was so impressed with the size of the park that I had to administer, and the breadth of my authority in this one-hundred-percent federal domain, that he wrote an article entitled "Grand Duke Horace of the Yellowstone." This title did me far more harm than good, however, especially in Wyoming, and gave my park extension enemies more ammunition, since grand dukes were associated, in their minds, with Communist Russia and totalitarianism. Furthermore, Hough urged park extension south to include all of Jackson Hole and the head of the Green River in the Colorado River watershed—which was much more than we wanted.

Superintendent Albright with friend, 1922.

In 1926, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and their three younger sons—Laurance, now an outstanding conservationist; Winthrop, Governor of Arkansas; and David, now president of the Chase Manhattan Bank—visited the park and went with me to the Jackson Hole-Grand Teton country. Mr. Rockefeller saw the necessity for preserving that splendid mountain region and the lakes and lands east of it. After my presentation of facts, he decided to undertake the acquisition of lands which were then available for future development and not necessarily justified by the principle of preservation of the environment. In the next few years, he bought nearly thirty-five thousand acres at a cost of over one and one-half million dollars. Eventually, these lands were conveyed to the federal government, and Grand Teton National Park as it is today was then authorized by Congress. By 1929, we had persuaded Congress to authorize a small wilderness park by the same name, embracing only a part of the Teton Range and a few of the lakes at its base. We never did secure the

Upper Yellowstone, the Thorofare country, or the lands north of the Buffalo Fork of the Snake and south of Yellowstone, as we had originally hoped.

The winter of 1919-20 was catastrophic, not only for wildlife, especially the elk. The snow still lay deep all over the park as the tourist season approached. We had to make liberal use of our TNT and devise snow-removal equipment for use with automotive, horse-, and man-power. We managed to get all the roads of the main system open by June 15, but the road from the south entrance through Dunraven Pass to the summit of Mt. Washburn was not usable until July 1. In 1921, the roads were open on time, but on the Fourth of July we had a snowfall of nearly four inches! I'll never forget the campers' chagrin when that happened. We vacated the ranger stations and made them available to mothers with little children. Hotel and permanent camp managers pitched in to the limit of their ability.

Administration of Yellowstone National Park year after year followed the general course of the activities of 1919 and 1920, with the exception of large increases in automobile traffic. When the park was opened to automobile travel, much of the road system was so narrow that traffic had to be routed counterclockwise, and close control had to be exercised to prevent two-way travel. A limited time each day was reserved for clockwise travel on certain roads, in order to allow travel to the gateways and moving of supplies (although most of the trucking was done at night). The widening of the highways for continuous two-way traffic required years of work, and the road over the Continental Divide was not rebuilt for traffic in both directions until 1935. As an added complication of auto traffic, we had to sprinkle 107 miles of road twice a day with water in an effort to control the intolerable dust—a much greater problem with cars traveling in both directions than with horse-drawn vehicles at widely-spaced intervals. It was 1927 before we had the authority and funds to begin oiling the Yellowstone highways.

Campground development began in 1919, but several years elapsed before we had modern sanitation facilities, pure running water, comfort stations with sewer connections, and tables, benches, and confined campfires. We never had enough facilities, and parties were permitted to camp along roadsides in many parts of the park. Privies had to be built to aid the users of these primitive campgrounds.

As travel to the park increased, our budgetary needs were so great that we eagerly sought the attention of members of Congress. We pleaded for inspections, and even suggested investigations! One of the first committees to arrive was a group concerned with appropriations. It was headed by Chairman James W. Good, of Iowa, later Secretary of War in President Hoover's cabinet. With him, among others, was Joseph W. Byrns, of Tennessee, later to be Speaker of the House, and James F. Byrnes, destined to be U.S. Senator, Supreme Court Justice, Secretary of State, and Governor of South Carolina. The roads were in poor condition, and to

The 1920s were the first golden age of auto tours and family camp-outs in the wilderness; below is a Yellowstone auto camp in 1920.

Colonel L. M. Brett (the superbly erect figure), Park Superintendent for the army, pauses in front of Old Faithful Inn during the first automobile trip through Yellowstone, 1915.

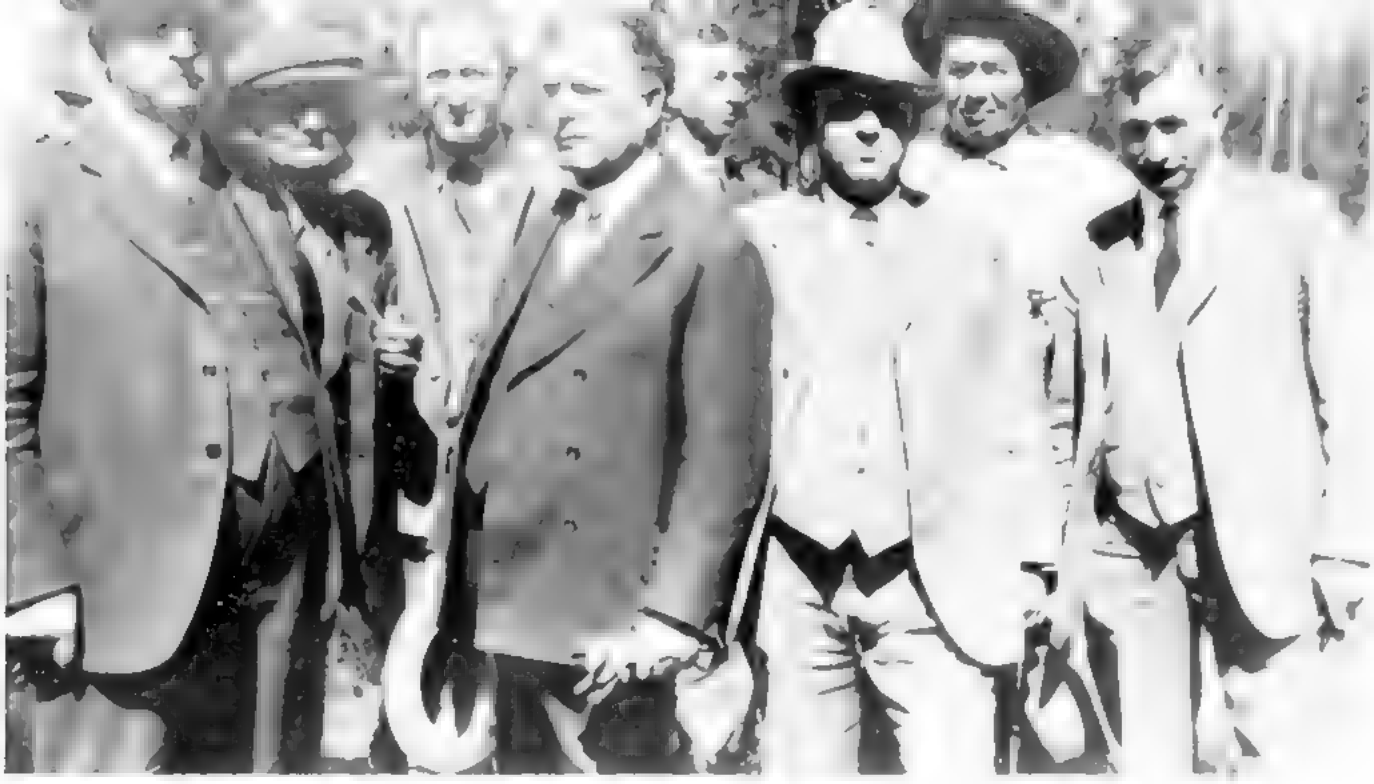
make the point, I fear I may have had them neglected for a few days before the scheduled visit. Unfortunately, the night before the committee arrived and for two nights following, it rained. Graders had to be used, and the roads were as near-perfect as unpaved highways could be—no dust, no "washboard" surface, no ruts. Every day I told my story of the real condition of the roads and the need for money to pave them, but to no avail. On the last day, some member said, "Let's not bring up road improvement, or Albright will start his heart-breaking arguments again!"

The next committee of any size to arrive found the roads as poor as we claimed they were, but only one Appropriations Committee member was in the party. The chairman was Nicholas Sinnott of Oregon, a delightful character who enjoyed declaiming at length on the beauties and wonders of the park—often quoting from his favorite authors and poets. On top of Mt. Washburn's fire-lookout station, sitting at the 11,000-foot level, he quoted from Isaiah: "I will make of my mountain a way, and my highways shall be exalted." I had a sign made with this quotation and had it placed near the door of the station. Every summer hundreds of pictures were taken by people holding it beside their cars.

At one point, a committee interested in western affairs eliminated Yellowstone Park from its schedule. Director Mather then invited the wives of the members to visit Yellowstone as his personal guests, offering to meet their travel expenses. Happily, enough of the wives accepted to induce the committee to restore Yellowstone to the itinerary.

Often senators or congressmen came to the park alone or with their wives. U.S. Senator Tasker Oddie and his wife were there early one season and, on my invitation, listened to the instructions and advice being given to incoming college boys training to be rangers. The next day Mrs. Oddie came in to see me and asked whether her husband could be a ranger for part of the summer! She said he needed the exercise, and he was an experienced horseman and hiker. I tried to dissuade her but without success. Later, both of them appeared, and the senator indeed asked to be given a place on the ranger force. I accepted him, loaned him one of my uniforms, assigned him a mounted patrol, and he became a very good ranger—and a good park supporter.

A presidential visit could be worth a great deal in publicity, good will, and inspiration for congressional support. Before Yellowstone opened in 1923 my organization was in a state of excitement and confusion, for Bill Starling, chief of the White House secret service, had come to study park roads and visitor facilities in connection with President Harding's forthcoming trip west. He was to stop at Yellowstone for two days. The president's party arrived early on the morning of June 30, 1923. We met the special train at the Northern Pacific terminal. A seven-passenger touring car belonging to H. W. Child, president of the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company, had been placed at the chief executive's disposal. On his arrival, the president noted that the driver we had supplied resembled former President Woodrow Wilson, and he commented that we were thoughtful in arranging for his predecessor to drive him around the park. He invited Mr. Child and me to occupy the jump seats, and Dick Jervis of the secret service sat in front with the driver. After breakfast at Mammoth Hotel, we drove to Old Faithful Inn for luncheon. The president and Mrs. Harding rested for two hours, then spent the remainder of the afternoon seeing geysers and hot springs, accompanied by Secretary of the Interior Hubert Work, Director Mather, and a host of secret service men and rangers. The following morning, the president's motorcade crossed the Continental Divide, and at Shoshone Point I was able to show him the Teton Mountains to the south, still clad



To gain congressional support for park funds, Albright invited V.I.P. excursions; above is Senator W. E. Borah (with gloves) and his party of 1926.

in the snows of winter and shining in the bright sun. When I explained to him our extension project, he promised to support it. We went on to Lake Yellowstone, where he tossed food to bears, including a very large black bear called "Jesse James" by the tourists. By permission of the secret service, his car was "held up" by a dozen pretty girls, employees of the nearby lodge. They presented flowers to the Hardings and sang to them, accompanied by stringed instruments. Dick Jervis and I had difficulty getting the girls off the running board—partly because Harding wanted them to stay. When we finally moved on, the president said: "Albright, do we come back this way this afternoon?" I had to tell him no, whereupon Mrs. Harding said, "Warren, I watched you; it took you longer to say good-bye to those few girls than to meet hundreds of tourists yesterday!" The party left that night, to go on to Alaska and San Francisco. There the president died of pneumonia on August 2.

Four years later President Coolidge and his family spent the summer at Custer State Park in South Dakota, where he rested and fished the well-stocked streams. Several times we heard from Bill Starling, the secret service chief, that the president and Mrs. Coolidge wanted to visit Yellowstone Park. I was not enthusiastic about their coming, because it had been a very rainy summer and I was afraid that fishing and sightseeing in the park would be very disappointing. However, late in August, Colonel Starling came over to the park to make arrangements for the president's visit. It had rained nearly every day that summer in South Dakota and Wyoming, and we had to prepare for the contingency that it would rain on the president—but Starling said it seemed that every time the president stepped out to fish, the rain stopped. He was most concerned that the president might be in danger, because on the night of his proposed arrival in the park, Sacco and Vanzetti would be executed, and their supporters believed that the president could have saved the accused men. Anyway, the party came on the chosen day. It rained hard as the train approached the terminal at the park, drenched the detachment of mounted rangers assembled there to escort the president—and then it stopped.

After lunch, I advised a trip to the northeast section of the park, where there would be few tourists so late in the season. With only two closed cars—one carrying secret service men; the other the family, two more secret service men, and myself—we headed for a tourist lodge not far from the site of the camp President Theodore Roosevelt and John Burroughs had occupied in 1903. A large guidepost gave the history of the lodge (named after Roosevelt) and mentioned the visit of 1903. Glancing at it, President Coolidge remarked, "I've got his camp in Washington!"

We returned to Mammoth Hot Springs late in the afternoon and took the president to a private home, where his baggage had been quietly deposited. We used a triple guard to protect the famous family, one inside the home, one outside, and a third some distance away to direct cars from the street and, in general, to protect all approaches. The men were either rangers or secret service men. Once the sentences of the condemned men were carried out, our tensions lessened

The president fished every day and, except for the first day,

caught the legal limit of trout. Crossing the Continental Divide, I had the good fortune to be able to show a second president the Teton Mountains, although only a glacier or two could be seen, compared with the snow mantle afforded President Harding. He also told me he would help our project. Later, Mrs. Albright and I took Mrs. Coolidge and John to the shores of Jackson Lake, where they could see the Tetons in all their glory. The party remained with us for several days, the president fishing, usually with Chief Ranger Sam Woodring, and his wife and son sightseeing and enjoying evening entertainments and dances. When they left, I escorted the party to their train at Cody, Wyoming. On my way back, the heavens opened and drenched the park, washing out two or three bridges on the Cody approach.

One year, the National Editorial Association undertook a western trip by special train, and most of the members visited the park. The group was headed by the late J. C. Bremblecom, of Boston—at the time, Speaker of the lower house of the Massachusetts legislature. While staying at the Mammoth Hotel near my headquarters, he came into my office one afternoon, very much disturbed that many of his associates were getting alcohol in a hotel room, dispensed, he said, by a state of Montana official. I went with him to the room and beheld my good friend, the lieutenant governor of Montana, entertaining the journalists with what he admitted were prewar beverages, then prohibited by the Volstead Act. I told him he knew better than to bring liquor into the park or transport it anywhere, and that I would give him a few minutes to pack up and leave. He said he only wanted to show the writers and publishers a little of Montana hospitality before they reached his state. Right there, I lost some of my popularity with that group of editors—but not with their leader.

Because the Yellowstone did not come under any kind of state jurisdiction, I was the chief prohibition officer, beginning in 1920. While I never had baggage or camp outfits searched, my rangers confiscated liquor whenever it was seen.

Stephen T. Mather (center), Colonel Brett (to Mather's right—still erect), and Horace Albright (standing at far right), with a party of excursionists in 1916.

and in the course of a season a considerable quantity of illicit beverages, good and bad, was seized. Occasionally, I had trouble with my own employees. I remember that my master painter was once blind for several days from drinking "canned heat." I prohibited the sale of lemon and vanilla extract, Peruna tonic and other patented medicines, because of their alcohol content. (Visitors, and probably some of my own employees, were known to buy these items by the case!) Also, we had much trouble with bootleggers outside the park. When one was convicted, I would issue orders excluding him from the park. This earned me a small knot of enemies who testified against me later during a Congressional hearing in 1925, claiming I was arbitrary and exceeding my powers. I cannot say that I derived much satisfaction from my role as chief prohibition agent, except that I felt my rangers and I had done as good or better a job of enforcing the prohibition laws than was being done elsewhere in the West. From the beginning, I had my doubts whether this law could be enforced, although personally, I had no craving for what was forbidden, even for "snake bites."

Next to the geysers (and possibly illegal hooch), the bears gave park visitors the most pleasure—and they still do. From the time tourist facilities were put into operation back in 1883, and perhaps earlier, garbage from hotels and camps was deposited about a mile from the kitchens. Thousands of people visited these piles to watch the antics of the black bears, coyotes, gulls, and, as twilight faded into darkness, grizzly bears. Near Old Faithful geyser, in the Upper Geyser Basin, and at the Yellowstone Canyon, I had "Greek theaters" built of logs, and there hundreds of park visitors went to watch the animals. A mounted ranger, with a rifle at the ready, was stationed between the seated visitors and the bears, to protect both.

Along the roads, black bears here and there waited for passing cars to stop and throw out food. They also raided camps at night if food was left within reach. They were called "beggar bears" or "hold-up bears," and were harmless unless provoked. Sometimes hands would be held out to get the bear to rise on his hind legs for photographs—when no food was in the extended hand. Then the bear sometimes bit. When a tourist made a complaint about a finger bite, I would advise him, first, that he should not have fed the bear; second, that the wound was superficial, and finally, that really it was a unique souvenir to take home. This observation rarely failed to convince the visitor that he really had something worthwhile, though I never heard of one going back for another.

One day, a lady telephoned from Canyon Lodge. She wanted a black bear "killed at once." She said no one had ever been hurt or humiliated as she had been. I sent a ranger to investigate. He reported that she had been feeding a big bear all morning, and tourists had been photographing the two of them. She had enticed the bear to the lodge platform just as several hundred people were boarding buses after lunch. The bear stood up as she fed him from her fingers. Passengers in and out of the buses were taking pictures when somebody distracted her. The bear, thinking the show was over, dropped to the ground, but, in so doing, caught his claws in the shoulder straps of her dress, stripping her before the throng. She admitted to the ranger that she had not been physically injured, but none of us doubted that she had been terribly humiliated. We spared the bear, however.

In line with new National Park Service policies, we developed nature trails from the principal points of interest, engaged educators, and trained naturalists and rangers to conduct parties of visitors around geyser formations, over the terraces at Mammoth Hot Springs, along Canyon rims and down trails into the Canyon, and to many other places of interest. We established information offices and began collections for museums. The job kept me busy twelve to eighteen hours a day during the tourist season, which was generally from early June to September 15, although tourists were permitted in the park until snowfall blocked the roads. My travels by car during the four summer months averaged nearly one hundred miles per day, or over ten thousand miles a season. This did not include the distance traversed on foot, horseback, and boat.

Whenever time permitted, I visited surrounding communities. I became an honorary member of the Livingston Rotary Club and the Cody Lions Club. I represented the Park Service at meetings of chambers of commerce, women's clubs, and garden clubs, and spoke from time to time in schools and churches. I wore the National Park Service uniform while traveling in the adjacent states and usually carried a set of lantern slides. After snow closed the park and reports were in, I visited other National Parks to confer on the next season's programs, and budgets. After Christmas, I headed for Washington to present budgetary information to committees of Congress. Ten years in charge of Yellowstone Park with all its attendant excitement, problems, and satisfactions came to an end all too soon. In November, 1928, Director Mather suffered a seriously disabling stroke and resigned. I was appointed to succeed him. With deep reluctance, on January 12, 1929, I gave up this fascinating job for a desk in Washington.

I remember well the semi-centennial anniversary of Yellowstone's creation as the first national park in the world. That was in August, 1922. Now we are approaching the Centennial. All who participated in the ceremonies of 1922 have crossed the Great Divide except two or three of us. And we hope to be on hand in 1972.

Horace M. Albright, now retired, was Director of the National Park Service from 1929 (the year he left as Yellowstone's superintendent) to 1933; vice-president, then president and general manager of the U. S. Potash Company from 1933 to 1956; and co-author of *"Oh Ranger!" A Book about the National Parks* (1933).

The Man Who 'Owned' Grand Canyon

by Douglas Hillman Strong

An adventure in extremely free enterprise

RALPH HENRY CAMERON headed west in 1883. He had just read an account of John Wesley Powell's 1869 boat trip down the Colorado River, and it made his department store job in Boston seem like a dead end. Not quite twenty, he was out to make a fortune, and the Grand Canyon country fitted the size of his dreams. For this engaging young man was immensely ambitious and imaginative; he was a fighter, a natural-born manipulator—and the man who ultimately would control the development of the South Rim of the Grand Canyon for over thirty years. The account of his machinations in gaining and keeping that control, as well as the legal and political maneuvers that finally dislodged him, constitutes a fascinating chapter in the history of the National Parks.

From the time of its discovery in 1540 by Garcia Lopez de Cárdenas, of Coronado's expedition, until Powell's trip over three centuries later, the Canyon country was almost unknown. The reports of early nineteenth-century visitors did not encourage others to follow in their footsteps. It was the iron horse that changed the picture. In 1882 the tracks of the Atlantic and Pacific Railway reached Flagstaff, Arizona, and in 1890 Robert Brewster Stanton completed a survey for a water-level railroad route through the Canyon itself. Although eastern investors were unwilling to put up capital for such a remote and risky enterprise, Stanton's report attracted widespread interest and sent a minor rush of prospectors down into the Canyon.

Ralph Cameron and his brother Niles joined the crowd. Soon after his arrival in Flagstaff in 1883, Ralph made his first trip in by horseback and spent nine days exploring. Until the time of the Stanton report, he and his brother operated a local sheep ranch and mercantile business in "Flag." Now they turned enthusiastically to mining. Together with Pete Berry and a number of other prospector friends, they filed on numerous claims within the Canyon during the spring of 1890 and began exploring and building trails. As it turned out, only the Last Chance copper mine, below Grandview Point, proved to be a paying venture.

Cameron also launched a tourist business. He built a small hotel on the site of a mining claim on the South Rim and then concentrated on the Bright Angel Trail. Known at that time as the "Cameron Trail," it was the best and most popular route into the Canyon. In 1891 Berry obtained a franchise to operate it as a toll trail, and Cameron now acquired this

franchise. He hoped that by controlling the Canyon access he could control its development.

Cameron soon encountered stiff competition, however, from a formidable adversary. In 1901 the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway completed a short spur line from the town of Williams to the South Rim and built its own tourist facilities. Its El Tovar Hotel, completed in 1905, was entrusted to the management of the Fred Harvey Company, and rivalry grew intense. Cameron found his prices undercut and his men refused access to the railway station platform where they used to solicit patronage for his enterprises. The railway even moved its terminal several hundred feet, just to bypass Cameron's hotel.

Before long, his hotel business was floundering. Cameron was convinced, however, that the Bright Angel Trail could open the way to a fortune; and as the pressure mounted against him, he strengthened his position by filing more and more mining claims in strategic locations, thirty-nine of them in a single year.

To acquire legal title to land, a prospector was required to discover minerals in paying quantities and to engage actively in mining them. He then could apply for a patent, and if his statements were confirmed by a federal land-office agent, he was granted unconditional title. But the land laws did not limit the time that could elapse between the location of a claim and the application for patent. As long as assessment work or payment of an annual fee was continued, the land could be held by what amounted to a lease from the government.

Cameron took advantage of this weakness in the mining laws and used it with extraordinary success to tie up important pieces of the Grand Canyon. Among other areas, he controlled the head of the Bright Angel Trail, much South Rim land, Indian Gardens (the only real resting place and source of water for anyone climbing into or out of the Canyon), and the lowest section of the trail at the Colorado River. For the moment at least, he was succeeding in his purpose; he controlled the principal access route into the Canyon and in this way he could control its use. Before he could capitalize on his early claims, however, the Santa Fe took legal action to contest their validity.

The controversy centered at first on the Cape Horn and Golden Eagle claims, because they included land used by the Santa Fe for its station grounds and right of way. (Eventually, however, *all* of Cameron's claims would be contested in a long series of court battles.) The Santa Fe argued that since Cameron's mining claims lacked true mineral value and had not been worked as required by the mining laws, his patent applications should be refused. Although this contention was apparently justified, the local courts and land agents upheld Cameron's position until 1909—when the federal government moved in.

The federal government was involved in the struggle for the Canyon from the very beginning. As early as the 1880's, Senator Benjamin Harrison proposed bills to set aside the Canyon as a national park, but at that time the idea was still in its infancy, and Harrison's proposals attracted little interest. He persisted, however, and in 1893, as president of the United States, he issued a presidential proclamation creating the Grand Canyon Forest Reserve. It included the most scenic areas of the Canyon and large tracts of forest land on both rims, an area of twenty-nine hundred square miles.

Congress failed to authorize funds for regulation of the new reserves, and for years local people continued to use the Canyon without restriction. Cameron and many northern Arizonans disliked governmental restriction, and feared above all that a national park might be established. The Williams *News* editorialized that a park would depopulate the region. They assumed that if a park were established, then mining, the "only hope left" for the economic development of northern Arizona, would be prohibited.

Meanwhile, protests over the misuse of the Grand Canyon Forest Reserve were rife and finally attracted the government's attention. The General Land Office of the Department of the Interior, which had jurisdiction over the reserve, sent special agent Edward Bender to investigate. Bender recommended efficient police protection to prevent vandalism, destructive fires, over-grazing by sheep, and the killing of game. He also advocated that the reserve be made a national park, although he believed that park status should not interfere with the fullest possible development of the Canyon's mineral resources.

The commissioner of the General Land Office, the secretary of the interior, and the local forest supervisor all recommended the establishment of a park, but nothing happened until President Theodore Roosevelt visited the Canyon in 1903. Roosevelt, who believed the Canyon's scenic grandeur was unequalled in the world, enlarged the forest reserve and further protected it by authorizing a game preserve. Finally, in 1908, he issued an executive order establishing Grand Canyon National Monument.

Only Congress could create a national park, but the Antiquities Act of 1906 gave the president authority to preserve scientific and historic sites as national monuments. Roosevelt's proclamation reserved the new monument "from appropriation and use of all kinds under all of the public land laws, subject to all prior valid adverse claims." This put an end to commercial development except for projects specifically authorized by the government or permitted by the terms of valid claims already in existence.

The following year, 1909, the secretary of the interior ruled against Cameron's mining claims. As might have been expected, the irrepressible Cameron refused to accept the ruling as final. Convinced that the United States government sided with corporations to the detriment of private individuals and local government, he immediately appealed the decision, carried the dispute to the courts, and directed a heavy attack against the Forest Service.

This was not the first time he had been at loggerheads with

the Forest Service, which had acquired administrative control of the Canyon in 1905. In 1906, Cameron's franchise to operate the Bright Angel Trail as a toll trail expired, and control of the trail reverted to the county. The Santa Fe promptly applied to the Forest Service for a permit to operate the trail. But Coconino County had the ultimate power of refusal, and Cameron, as a member of the county board of supervisors, used his influence to defeat the application and to see that the sheriff was authorized to protect the county's possession against encroachment.

Three years later, the Forest Service, eager to have the Canyon developed for the benefit of the public, was sympathetic to the objectives of the Santa Fe Railway and the Fred Harvey Company, since they already provided high quality accommodations and had the will and the money needed to expand their facilities. Under the circumstances, it was not surprising that Gifford Pinchot, the chief forester, vehemently opposed a Cameron plan to build a scenic railway along the South Rim. Henry S. Graves, Pinchot's successor, issued a special permit to the Santa Fe Land Improvement Company, a subsidiary of the Santa Fe Railway, for important road, trail, and tourist facility construction in the same vicinity.

Cameron, of course, considered this discriminatory, and he retaliated by blocking the construction of the proposed road and trail where they crossed his mining claims. As a result, the macadamized Hermit Rim Road along the South Rim ended abruptly at the Millionaire and Sentinel Treasury claims at Hopi Point, where it became a dusty and rutted road in summer and a quagmire in winter. He was also successful in obtaining an injunction against construction of the trail across his Gorge and Folly placer claims. There was no denying it: Cameron was still in control and capable of interfering effectively with Santa Fe–Harvey's plans.

By 1912 Cameron believed that he was finally going to convert his mining claims into a fortune. A Philadelphia syndicate took over seven of his placer claims near Indian Gardens and began purchasing special machinery in Denver for a big mill to concentrate gold-bearing sand. Twenty-eight claims below the Devil's Corkscrew on the Bright Angel Trail, located early in 1907, were bonded to New York investors who also planned to extract gold. Cameron, the inveterate optimist, boasted, "I have always said that I would make more money out of the Grand Canyon than any other man. The Bright Angel Trail has been only a side issue with me." The development scheme failed, however, when Cameron was unable to convey legal title to his claims.

Cameron's most spectacular dealings were with C. Frank Doebler of New York. Doebler, a successful promoter, recognized the enormous potential of hydroelectric development in the Canyon, and he and Cameron formed the Hydraulic Properties Company. Plans for immediate development faltered because of lack of funds, but in 1914 they tried again with a scheme to sell stock in a forty-million-dollar corporation. They should have known better. They had neither title to the land for the proposed dam nor permission from the government, over whose land they would have to pass. Undaunted, they went ahead anyway, Cameron supplying the optimism and Doebler the money.

To aid the cause, Cameron decided to run for governor of Arizona. He was on the Board of Supervisors of Coconino County and had been elected a delegate to Congress from Arizona Territory. So there was some basis for his optimism when he told Doebler, "I think I have a good chance of success; and you know," he added, "it will mean something for us to have the governor of the state with us—or in a position to boost our game." But Democratic registration ran two to one over Republican in Arizona, and Cameron could not defeat the Democratic incumbent.

Niles Cameron (Ralph's brother) leads a party down the "Bright Angel Toll Road" in 1906—by then the safest and most popular trail into the Canyon.

The two men conceived the idea of selling Cameron's claims along the Bright Angel Trail to the Santa Fe to get working capital. The government had not been able to set aside these claims, and Cameron and Doebler thought that the railway might be willing to make a cash settlement in order to eliminate this central obstacle to its own Canyon plans. Negotiations dragged. Then in June, 1916, the Santa Fe Land Company finally acquired the key Cameron claims (still in litigation) from a John Daniell, who was obviously acting for Cameron and Doebler. Included were the Cape Horn claim at the head of the Bright Angel Trail, the two millsites and water rights at Indian Gardens, and the claims along the Hermit Road and Trail.

Cameron protected the rights of the various companies with which he had been negotiating by retaining mining rights, hydroelectric development rights, and rights of way across the claims deeded to the land company. In effect, the Santa Fe agreed to pay forty thousand dollars cash to eliminate Cameron's obstruction of its development plans, while Cameron could still pursue his hopes for fortune. The whole transaction was shrouded in secrecy, the Santa Fe fearing that the railway would look like a "soft touch" and that this might attract a sudden rush of would-be claimants. Besides, as one Santa Fe spokesman put it, "We didn't like to admit that we'd laid down to Cameron at the last." In fact, the secret was so well kept that the exact terms of the deal remain uncertain to this day.

All of these business dealings would have held more promise for Cameron but for two facts: first, the mining claims lacked sufficient mineral value to be lucrative, and second, his title to the claims was far from clear. This was still the situation when, in 1919, the legal battle finally reached the United States Supreme Court.

After 1919, Cameron's chief nemesis was the National Park Service, under the vigorous leadership of Stephen T. Mather, seen at the left seated on the memorial to John Wesley Powell, the first man to navigate the Colorado River.

By this time the case had taken the form of a suit to enjoin Cameron and his friends from occupying, using, asserting any right to, or interfering with the public use of, the Cape Horn claim. Cameron insisted that the creation of the Grand Canyon National Monument ought to be disregarded on the grounds that no authority existed for its creation. In its decision, handed down the following year, however, the Court held that as one of the greatest examples of erosion in the world, the Canyon was clearly an object of unusual scientific interest and could thus be set aside by proclamation under the Antiquities Act of 1906. It also held that the Department of the Interior had the power to decide the validity of any claim when legal title rested with the government. After eleven years, the highest court of the land upheld the secretary of the interior's 1909 ruling that Cameron's applications for patent were invalid.

The establishment of the Grand Canyon as a national park by act of Congress was a further blow to Cameron's ambitions that year. As a national monument the Canyon was neither adequately protected nor adequately developed to meet the increasing pressure from tourist use. It was for this reason that the American Scenic and Preservation Society originally appointed a special committee in 1910 to lobby for the expansion of the Monument and its conversion to a national park. The proposal was overambitious, however, the area to be reserved embracing seven thousand square miles. Even a much smaller park of roughly a thousand square miles, recommended by the United States Geological Survey, won little support from Congress.

The forest service realized that it lacked legal authority to provide adequate administration for the Canyon. None of the three reserves—national forest, national monument, or game refuge—really suited the Canyon's needs. Understanding this, Chief Forester Graves, at a meeting with Mark Daniels of the Department of the Interior in December, 1914, proposed that the Interior and Agriculture departments jointly urge Congress to establish a park. Graves recommended that, pending such action, the area be administered according to park policy wherever possible, and that no permits be granted without consultation with Interior Department officials.

At long last, in 1919, a park bill, supported by Senator Henry F. Ashurst and Representative Carl Hayden of Arizona, was passed by Congress. It included the provision that control of concessions in the park be granted to the best equipped and most responsible bidder. This turned out, reasonably enough, to be the Fred Harvey Company. Another provision was that mining and power might be developed if the secretary of the interior believed it to be consistent with the park's primary purposes. Valid claims within the park were allowed. In addition, the secretary was instructed to negotiate the purchase of the Bright Angel Trail from Coconino County, its legal owner.

It might seem that, at this point, Cameron's control of the Canyon would have ended, but it didn't. During the Harding

Bright Angel Camp, Cameron's tent-and-log-cabin hotel on the Grand Canyon's South Rim, ca. 1900. It was later purchased by the Fred Harvey Company and added to that firm's expanding tourist facilities.

Cameron's dilapidated claim site at Indian Gardens. The structures were seized in 1923 by park rangers who discovered the site being used to produce illegal hooch.

landslide, he had won a seat in the United States Senate, aided by the financial backing of G. Henry Stetson of hat-manufacturing fame. Stetson wanted to develop platinum deposits supposed to exist in the Grand Canyon (an erroneous supposition, as it turned out) and to control the key dam sites of the Colorado River, including Boulder Canyon—already being talked up as the site of a major hydroelectric project. As part of his campaign, Cameron told the voters that he had enough financial backing to build two huge hydroelectric plants in the Canyon and that they would provide enough power to electrify "every railroad, mine, mill, city, town, and hamlet in Arizona."

Now, as senator from Arizona, Cameron's first move was to attack Stephen T. Mather, director of the National Park Service, who was blocking his schemes in the Canyon. This was a mistake. Mather, a Republican serving a Republican administration, was a formidable opponent with many friends in Washington. An attempt by Cameron to remove him from the directorship failed.

Cameron did succeed in controlling Arizona appointments, however. If reports are to be believed, he managed, through removals and reappointments, to gain control of the federal court for northern Arizona, the land office in Phoenix, the office of the surveyor general in Arizona, and even the Grand Canyon post office. The postmaster at the Canyon happened to be Cameron's old friend and brother-in-law, L. L. Ferrall, and the park rangers asserted that mail pertinent to the Cameron claims had to be addressed to the rangers' wives or other disinterested parties if it were to be delivered unread. Incredibly, the situation was such that important government communications to and from the Canyon were sent in code.

In 1922 Cameron found a more immediate and effective way of striking at the Park Service. He succeeded in having the entire proposed appropriation for Grand Canyon National Park stricken from the Interior Department's appropriation bill when it came before the Senate. In his speeches he attacked the whole national park system, characterizing the parks as "sink holes" for American taxpayers—sink holes under the control of monopolistic concessioners.

Both the federal government and Coconino County were by now thoroughly weary of Cameron's schemes and wished, once and for all, to end the controversy. It was imperative that Cameron not be allowed to obstruct the development of the park's scenic and recreational potential. Particularly de-

The tent village at Bright Angel Camp near the turn of the century. In a few short years, tourists would be provided with considerably more sumptuous facilities.

plorable were the conditions at Indian Gardens, which provided the only real resting place with shade and water on the long, hot climb from the Colorado River to the South Rim. Yet the weary tourist found there only two unsightly and unsanitary frame comfort stations and a contaminated water supply. Cameron's caretakers persistently blocked all attempts at improvement by either the Park Service or Santa Fe–Harvey officials.

To correct this intolerable situation, a distinguished group of business men and government officials met at the Canyon at the El Tovar Hotel in March, 1923, to discuss possible solutions. Congressman Louis Crampton and Carl Hayden, members of the county board of supervisors, and representatives of the Park Service and the Fred Harvey Company were there, and all agreed in exchange for ownership of the Bright Angel Trail, the most favorably located and most used trail into the Canyon, the federal government would earmark one hundred thousand dollars for the improvement of the main park approach road, which lay in Coconino County.

Cameron, still trying to keep ownership in the hands of the county, protested the conveyance and made the mistake of questioning the integrity of Congressman Crampton, a strong park advocate. In rebuttal, Crampton presented a documented and devastating case against Cameron's Grand Canyon manipulations, and made sure that Secretary of the Interior Hubert Work and Attorney General Harlan F. Stone were well acquainted with the situation.

Cameron was already violating the Supreme Court decision of 1920 by continuing to occupy lands for which his claims had been disallowed. As a result, several suits were filed against him in the United States District Court in Arizona. Two were contempt proceedings for failure to remove structures and employees from the Cape Horn claim and Indian Gardens. A third was a suit to enjoin Cameron's caretakers from polluting the water and maintaining unsanitary conditions at Indian Gardens.

In his review of the two contempt suits, the judge declared his willingness to dismiss the proceedings if Cameron's men would simply vacate the disputed claims; and when park rangers descended upon Indian Gardens, Cameron's caretakers departed in haste—leaving behind them six or eight gallons of mash ready for the still. The third suit was dismissed, because the relief sought by the government had been accomplished by removal of the occupants of Indian Gardens. The Park Service instituted immediate changes to provide a clean water supply and adequate rest facilities. For the first time in thirty-five years, Cameron was not in possession of Indian Gardens. However, the indomitable senator still hoped to maintain his control over the Canyon.

Two other suits proved more difficult to settle. One involved fifty-five placer claims on the floor of the Canyon, filed by Stetson and several of Cameron's associates early in 1919. These claims adjoined, and even overlapped, locations made by Cameron in 1907 and subsequently disallowed. The final decree, based on the 1920 Supreme Court ruling, went against Stetson. The second case, which grew out of proceedings ordered by the General Land Office against twenty-eight claims held by Cameron, Doebler, and others, came before brother-in-law Ferrall, then registrar of the federal land office in Phoenix, for a ruling. This was Cameron's last chance. He hoped to delay determination of the case until after the 1926 election, which he hoped would provide him with new support. Ferrall upheld one motion for delay after another, while Cameron, as head of a special Senate committee to investigate both the Interior and Agriculture departments, launched a vindictive attack on both park service and forest service.

But the "Cameron inquisition," as it was called in Coconino County, met with general disapproval, and both Cameron and his political supporters saw the writing on the wall. His reputation was tarnished, and his chances for reelection rapidly dwindling. Delaying tactics in the courts could provide only temporary reprieves; time was running out. In January, 1926, long before the election, General Land Office Commissioner William Spry overruled Ferrall, forcing a final decision against Cameron. And when election time finally came, he lost decisively to Carl Hayden.

Thus Cameron's dream of developing the Grand Canyon on his own terms and in his own interest came to an end. In 1928 title to the Bright Angel Trail passed to the National Park Service, which could now administer the park free from Cameron's obstruction. Cameron himself moved back to Philadelphia and was later to become involved with mica mining in Georgia and North Carolina, and with gold mining in California. His repeated efforts to regain public office failed, and he was promoting a resort near Yuma, Arizona, when he died in 1953 at the age of ninety.

Between 1883, when Cameron first stood on the South Rim, and 1926, when his last hopes of controlling its exploitation came to an end, the Canyon itself gained world renown. Cameron helped pioneer the region—exploring, opening mines, and building trails, roads, and tourist facilities. He had legitimate grounds for resenting the monopolistic efforts of the Santa Fe Railway–Fred Harvey Company coalition. But he misused public office and abused the mining laws for his own ends. It was fortunate that his efforts failed, that the park bill won, and that Congress preserved for all time a natural wonder that all the world comes to see: the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River.

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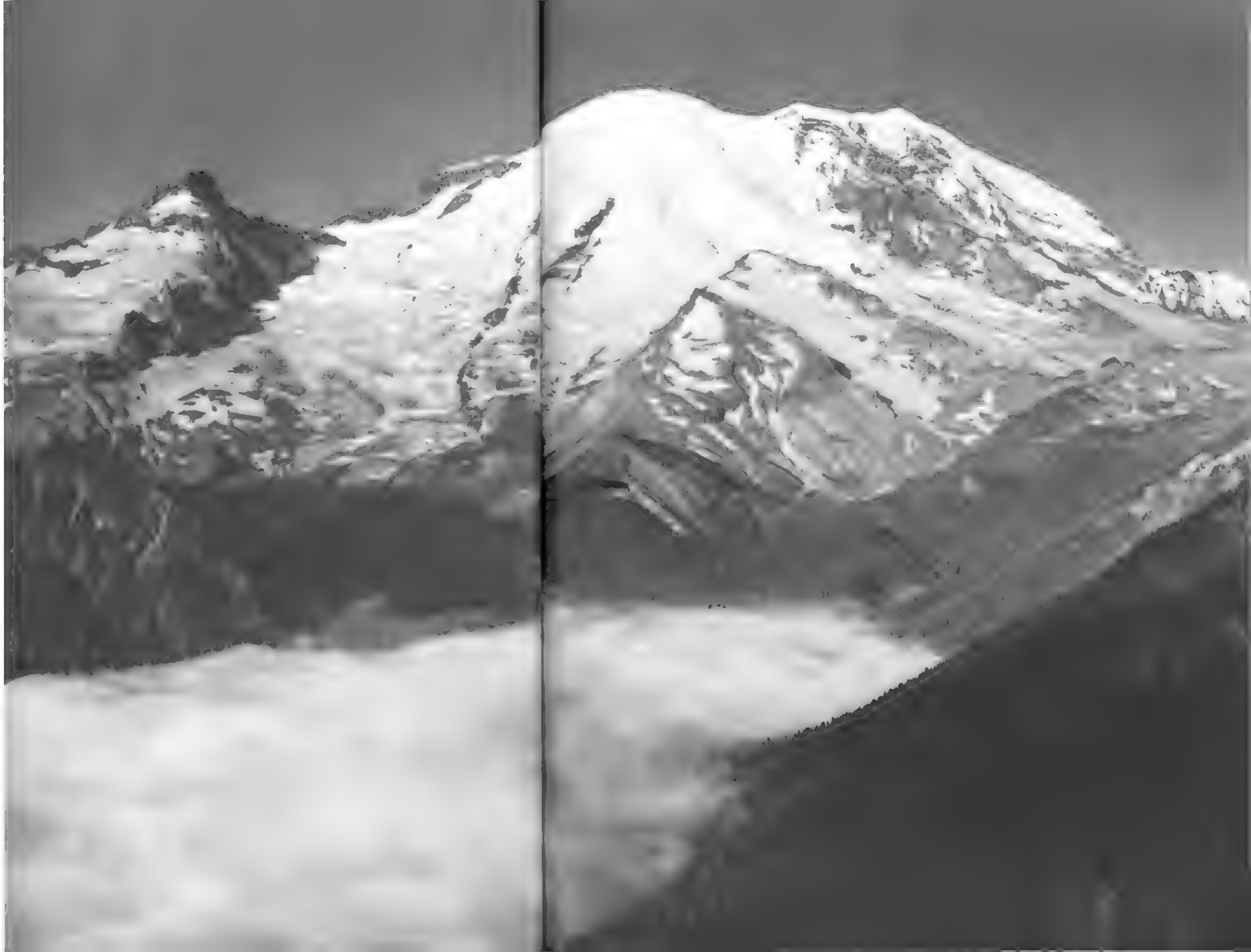
Ansel Adams & The National Parks: II

Long's Peak, Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado

Not very many years ago, most Americans were primarily interested in what purely technological uses might be made of this country's natural resources, how they might be turned to the expedience of man. We have since learned that the natural environment has other things to offer, things that are perhaps more important and at any rate equally necessary to a society that too often threatens to strangle in its own inadequacies: a sense of wonder, of grandeur and free space; an involvement with the beauty of open sky, naked rock, clear water, and trees; a reminder that we are, after all, natural creatures living in a natural world—a world we are frequently too busy controlling to have time to enjoy. To preserve these qualities we created the great national parks of the West. To interpret them has been the great ambition—and the great achievement—of Ansel Adams: "To record and interpret these qualities for others, to brighten the drab moods of cities and build high horizons of the spirit on the edge of plain and desert—these are some of the many obligations of art."



Mt. Rainier, sunrise from Yakima Park, Mt. Rainier National Park, Washington.

(Above) : From Hurricane Ridge, Olympic National Park, Washington.

(Left) : Crater Lake National Park, Oregon.

(Overleaf) :

Thunderstorm, Yosemite Valley, Yosemite National Park.

Winter, Yosemite Forest, Yosemite National Park

Pilgrim's Pride

by T. H. Watkins

From a place of relative obscurity, the Grand Canyon has emerged over the past century to become a national experience, one of the crown jewels among the hundreds of natural wonders which are perhaps the richest portion of our national heritage. The story of that transition is told in the following article, adapted from Chapter Eight of The Grand Colorado: The Story of a River and Its Canyons, *a major historical survey to be issued by American West Publishing Company on October 20.*

"Leave it as it is," Theodore Roosevelt said in the spring of 1903, while standing at the edge of Grand Canyon. "The ages have been at work upon it, and man can only mar it. What you can do is to keep it for your children, your children's children, and for all who come after you, as one of the great sights which every American if he can travel at all should see."

ASPEN GROVE AT GRAND CANYON

Americans have rarely paid much heed to the admonitions of their presidents, particularly those that could not be enforced, but in the case of Grand Canyon they have followed Roosevelt's instructions with a cheerful enthusiasm. Grand Canyon is preserved throughout most of its length as a National Park and through the rest of its length as a National Monument, and while we have not left it precisely as it was in Roosevelt's day, neither have we yet marred it to any appreciable degree. The closest threat was the Bureau of Reclamation's Bridge Canyon Dam proposal of 1964, which would have backed water up into the National Monument, but such a chorus of outrage greeted the idea that the Bureau was forced to withdraw the idea—at least temporarily.

Moreover, Americans have paid almost religious obeisance to Roosevelt's doctrine that Grand Canyon was something "which every American if he can travel at all should see." No one, so far as it is known, has ever taken a poll to determine how many Americans have visited Grand Canyon, but the percentage must be astounding; of those who have not visited it, most are probably planning to do so in the near future; the rest may be just too poor to consider it. Every year, millions of pilgrims gather at the North or South Rims of the Canyon to soak in its wonders.

Even to those who have not seen it, and will never see it, Grand Canyon is quite "real," visually. Awareness has been thrust upon them by the accumulation of seventy years of steady propaganda, including movie travelogues and television specials, and hundreds of thousands—perhaps millions—of individual photographs, postcards, paintings, drawings, calendars, brochures, pamphlets, pocket manuals, poems, magazine articles, newspaper stories, Sunday supplement vignettes, and books.

In brief, Grand Canyon has become a national pride, a national heritage, a national experience.

The history of this phenomenon is a comparatively short one, for Grand Canyon somehow remained almost unvisited during the first great age of the western tourist—the 1870's.

While curiosity-seekers and communers-with-nature had discovered and broadcast the delights of such other natural wonders as Yosemite Valley, the Garden of the Gods, the Big Trees, and the Parks of the Rocky Mountains—and had inspired the creation of Yellowstone National Park in 1872—it was not until the late 1880's that the first significant trickle of tourists began to cross over the tableland country between Flagstaff, Arizona, and the Canyon's South Rim to take in Grand Canyon. It was a hot, rough, two-day trip over primitive roads via stagecoach, and once arrived there was not much to do but look at the Canyon, look at it some more, and go back—unless one wanted to listen to the wondrous lies of Captain John Hance or pay a dollar to risk a broken neck by clambering down his hand-made trail to the Canyon floor.

This doughty individual had come to the area in 1881 as an itinerant prospector in search of whatever he might turn his hand to. He found instead Grand Canyon, and although he did discover a small asbestos mine in its bottom, it was never more to him than a transparent excuse to remain. He quite simply fell in love with the biggest hole in the world, and remained infatuated until the day of his death nearly forty years later. "Oh, he believed in God, I guess," a friend once said of him. "But mostly he believed in the canyon." He planted a cabin in a wooded area near the eastern edge of Grand View Point, raised a few cattle, carved out a trail six thousand feet to the bottom of the Canyon, picked desultorily at his asbestos mine, and spent most of his time wandering the Canyon bottom and rims. When a heavy rain washed out his original trail, he found an old Indian trail, refurbished it, and characteristically named it "Hance's Trail." When the tourists began to drift in, Hance became the Canyon's first Chief Guide and Tour Director, and by the mid-1880's he was advertising in the Flagstaff newspaper:

> Being thoroughly conversant with all the trails leading to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, I am prepared to conduct parties thereto at any time. I have a fine spring of water near my house on the rim of the Canyon, and can furnish accommodations for tourists and their animals.

Hance was an accomplished liar, a teller of tall tales who could have held his own with a Jim Bridger, a James P. Beckwourth, or any one of the other mountain men who had raised the outlandish fib to the level of a minor art. Two of his tales have since become classics, of a kind, and it probably will do little harm to repeat them. In one, Hance has been chased by a hungry bear, and in his haste to climb a handy tree has dropped his gun. For a while, the bear does nothing more than throw a few rocks at him, but in a few minutes he notices the gun, picks it up, looks it over, then throws it to his shoulder and gets off three wild shots at the cringing Hance. "I do believe," the Captain's next line always went, "that if there'd been another cartridge in that gun he'd 'a got me, sure." At this point, some innocent straight man in the audience was sure to ask, "What happened then?" "Oh, by-and-by he got tired and ambled off," the Captain would reply. If things went right, the straight man would ask again, "Did he take the gun?" The Captain would smile, slowly. "Well, no, he didn't. You see, there was *some* honor in him." The second story was reserved for those times when the Canyon was packed from brim to floor with fog, the top of which he would then claim to have crossed on foot, equipped with a pair of snow shoes: "You know that blasted fog pretty near fooled me? It was good and thick goin' over but when I come back it was so thin that I sagged with every step. Once I thought I was goin' to hit bottom. Just like walkin' on a featherbed, only worse. Plumb wore me out gettin' back."

Captain Hance's stringline tourist operation received competition in 1892, when Pete Berry, another miner bitten by the magic of Grand Canyon and far more intrigued by it than by the copper mine he had discovered in its bottom, built a small log-cabin hotel at Grand View Point, about two miles east of Hance's "ranch." Like Hance, Berry had carved his own trail in the Canyon walls, and until the opening of Ralph Cameron's safer Bright Angel Trail, the Grand View Trail and Hance's Trail were the two principal tourist routes in and out of the Canyon from the South Rim. In 1895, the Grand Canyon Copper Company, Berry's operation, erected the more ambitious Grand View Hotel and went into the tourist business in as big a way as the still limited clientele could provide. In 1896, Cameron's Bright Angel Hotel, erected near the site of the future Grand Canyon Village, was added to the slowly expanding complex of tourist facilities on the South Rim.

One of the earliest professional tourists to visit Grand Canyon in these years was Burton Holmes, World Traveler and Lecturer, who came to the South Rim in the summer of 1898 with a group of men and women fellow-travelers. His record of the trip was published as part of a ten-volume set entitled *The Burton Holmes Lectures* (1905), complete with "Photographs by the Author"; it is a treasure, in more ways than one.

The party boarded the Santa Fe for the trip across the plains and deserts to Flagstaff, a town barely removed from the frontier conditions that had made Arizona one of the most dangerous places in the world to live, and one is suspicious of Holmes' account of their arrival: "The arrival of our party with cameras and chronomatographs, with almost a mile of film, and rather more than two hundred weight of plates, causes the citizens to smile and murmur to themselves, 'Here comes another group of sanguine photographers, doomed to disaster and defeat.' "

Leaving murmurous Flagstaff behind, the Holmes group boarded a two-coach stageline for the 48-hour trip to the South Rim. "When there are so many passengers that one coach would be overcrowded," Holmes reported, "a second coach, or 'trailer,' is attached. . . . Unhappy are the mortals who become inmates of that trailer; they assiduously collect all the dust, their view is cut off by the forward coach, and they see little else. When crossing the broad stretch of desert . . . deep wheel-ruts in the yellow soil cause the first coach to

Before the Santa Fe opened its branch line to the South Rim, tourists were treated to a lurching, two-day stagecoach ride from Flagstaff.

act like an over-laden schooner in a heavy sea; a nerve-shaking inclination to starboard is followed by a sudden reeling lurch to port, accompanied by suppressed exclamations and frantic clutchings at the stanchions. These antics of our flag-ship are seen by those in the trailer through a cloud of dust, and serve as prophecies and warnings. . . ."

After another day of lurchings and inclinations, the party broke out of the Aspen groves of the San Francisco Forest and a little later caught a glimpse of paradise: "Late in the afternoon we glance toward the northeast and see revealed, but oh, so faintly, in far-off regions, whether of sky or earth we cannot yet be sure, a vision of rosy glory, a suggestion of the infinite, a something that takes hold on the attention and will not let it go; a something that in spite of all its vagueness, remoteness, and unearthliness, causes our pulses to beat faster, for we know that yonder pinkish line is an emanation of the glory of the cañon, brooding on the distant further shore of the great gulf that we have come so far to see."

Like most people attempting to describe the Canyon, Holmes frequently became unhinged. He was more restrained in discussing the details of their arrival at Hance's tent-hotel in the woods near the rim of the Canyon: "The ladies are assigned to single tents, of which a score are scattered about. The men, all hungry as wild beasts, are led into a canvas caravansary big as a circus tent, where canvas cages for each one of us have been provided. We write our names in the register of this unique hotel, and then pick up and curiously peruse another volume of handwriting, marked, *John Hance's Visitor's Book*. To begin with our attention is focused on the, as yet unknown, personality of Captain John Hance, the owner of the book, by this entry: 'John Hance is one half—the Cañon is the other half.' This instantly inspired a desire to meet the cañon's other half and when a moment later that desire is fulfilled, we gaze with awe and call to mind a second statement found in the Canon Bible: 'God made the Canon. John Hance made the trails. Without the other, neither would be complete.' "

After eating, and gazing with awe upon the lanky spade-bearded figure of the old Captain, the party then went to stare with even greater awe at the Canyon itself: "One day spent on the rim satisfies some minds. We are inclined to tell ourselves that we have seen all that it is possible to see; and many, feeling thus, depart the next morning after their arrival. But those who stay are rewarded as no travelers have ever been rewarded elsewhere. . . ."

The reward was a mule trip down Hance's Trail. "Like

Captain John Hance, teller of tall tales, tourist guide, and Grand Canyon connoisseur.

Dante, we begin our wanderings in an obscure savage wood," said Holmes, who through most of his narrative found it difficult to avoid classical allusions, "but unlike Dante we are mounted—not on the winged horses of the Muses, but on the mules and the burros of good old Captain Hance, who in our case replaces Virgil as guide.... The only lady in our little band of bold adventurers must bow to the strict rules of Captain Hance and don divided skirts, for the old guide will have no ladies in his train who will not ride astride. The reason for this rule will soon be manifest....

"With a tremor born of surprise and dizziness, we launch our animals into the abyss. The path down which we have turned appears impossible.... The pitch for the first mile is frightful...and to our dismayed, unaccustomed minds the inclination apparently increases, as if the cañon wall were slowly toppling inwards, and we anticipate the horror of the moment when the animals will not be able to retain a footing.

"There may be men who can ride unconcernedly down Hance's Trail, but I confess that I am not one of them. My object in descending made it essential that I should live to tell the tale, and therefore, emboldened by the thought of a duty I owed to prospective auditors, I mustered up sufficient moral courage to dismount and scramble down the steepest and most awful sections of the path on foot.... 'On foot,' however does not express it, but on heels and toes, on hands and knees, and sometimes in the posture assumed by children when they come bumping down the stairs; thus did I glissade around 'Cape Horn,' and past a dozen other places, where neither the mocking laughter of the men nor the more bitter words of sympathy from the brave Amazon could tempt me to forget that my supremest duty was to live to give a lecture on the cañon."

Holmes survived to the bottom, and spent the day wandering the rocky banks of the coffee-colored river. After an overnight stay in the bottom, the group returned to the rim (Holmes remaining in the saddle) and finally left the Canyon at the end of June.

They returned in August, and this time encountered Pete Berry and the Grand View Hotel, which received the full weight of the Holmesian prose: "I cannot say enough in praise of our kind host and of the comforts offered by this log hotel. Here, even in the colder seasons, a long sojourn would be a not uncomfortable experience. There is a cheeriness about the interior, an aspect of solidity and warmth in the stout log walls, and a white-aproned, white-capped European personage, quite worthy of the title, 'chef,' presiding over the cuisine. For one of those wandering Continental culinary artists had drifted to this distant end of earth in the course of his restless world pilgrimage, and while he lingered near the cañon, all visitors to the Grand View Hotel enjoyed the luxury of Continental cooking—a luxury that here appears to be ridiculously out of place." As for Berry himself: "Unlike Mr. Hance, Berry is a man of few words, but those few words are always to the point. There is nothing of romance in the soul of Peter Berry; when he meets a bear, it is not the bear that does the shooting."

After a trip down and up the Grand View Trail, which Holmes considered an improvement over that of Hance, he left the Canyon once again, with a parting word to his readers: "It had been wiser, perhaps, for me to nurse with selfish pleasure my memory of the Grand Cañon rather than to try to make you see in mere words the biggest beautiful thing in all the world, the most entrancing scene that ever dawned upon the eye of man. For such it is, and such it will in future be proclaimed by all who look upon it. If I excite your curiosity to see and know, I shall have done enough."

Someone did enough; by the turn-of-the-century there were enough customers visiting Grand Canyon for the Santa Fe to extend its line from Flagstaff to a spot near the Bright Angel Hotel. President Theodore Roosevelt's visit in the spring of 1903, when he gave his famous admonition to leave the Canyon "as it is," doubtless gave a tremendous boost to business, and in 1905 the Fred Harvey Company, which knew a good thing when it saw it, opened the El Tovar Hotel near the terminus of the railroad, and bought up the Bright Angel Hotel, lock, stock, and tent. All this was soon too much for John Hance and his unambitious little tent-hotel business, and he took to hanging around the Grand View Hotel and the El Tovar, telling his stories, soliciting customers for his trail, and generally exercising his position as unofficial greeter and Canyon Clown. He became so much a part of the Grand Canyon scene that in later years the Fred Harvey Company provided the old man free board and room.

Pete Berry, in the meantime, had sold out his interests in the Grand Canyon Copper Mine, including the Grand View Trail and Hotel, to a group of speculating eastern financiers. When the copper market collapsed in 1907, these worthies

A safe arrival at the Canyon bottom was an occasion well worth memorializing with a photograph. With the possible exception of the first couple in the foreground, these pilgrims appear to be a particularly intrepid group.

then sold out to William Randolph Hearst, who, like the Fred Harvey Company, has his eye on the tourist game; it was a good investment, particularly after 1908, the year that Theodore Roosevelt, implementing his own advice, proclaimed Grand Canyon a National Monument. During the next few years, Hearst attempted to pull customers away from the El Tovar, and while the effort was not entirely satisfactory, by the time the National Park Service took over the facilities of the South Rim in 1919 (the year that Grand Canyon National Park was created), Hearst had made back his investment and more. To his everlasting sorrow, however, the Park's remunerative concessionaire's lease had gone to the Fred Harvey Company.

The lease was a valuable prize, because by 1919 Grand Canyon had entered its first golden age of tourism; it had become a "must" on the itinerary of any sightseer worthy of the name, and every summer thousands paid homage to what had become to America, as it had always been to John Hance, a shrine. One of the men who would have welcomed credit for this was George Horace Lorimer, editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*. He had taken over the moribund magazine in 1898 and through the exercise of astounding energy, absolute devotion, and an unerring instinct for delineating all the virtues of mainstream America, had raised the *Post* to the position of a wide-circulation family magazine whose influence exceeded even that of Edward Bok's *Ladies' Home Journal*.

Lorimer discovered Grand Canyon shortly after the turn-of-the-century and, as with all his hobbies (among other things, he was an ardent devotee of the summer automobile excursion), it occupied his mind to the point of obsession. A single sunset in Grand Canyon, he was known to maintain, exceeded the beauty and wonder of any painting ever created by the hand of man—a judgment that included the *Post's* own covers, which is an indication of the depth of his feeling. Lorimer utilized the columns of the *Post* with great frequency to broadcast the wonders of Grand Canyon in everything from editorials to short stories, and his incessant campaign to have it made into a National Park, his biographer has claimed, was a major factor in the passage of the Congressional bill signed by President Woodrow Wilson on February 26, 1919—the year that John Hance died.

In the fall of 1912, Lorimer persuaded one of the *Post's* regulars, humorist Irvin S. Cobb, to make a grand swing of the West and report on the trip in a series of articles for the magazine. Inevitably, Cobb's first stop was at Grand Canyon.

Things had changed considerably since the days of the peripatetic Burton Holmes. Not only was it now possible to arrive by train, instead of the lurching, two-day stagecoach ride from Flagstaff, there were now three first-rate hotels, including the $250,000 El Tovar, with its private dining rooms, enormous fireplaces, Music Room, Art Room, Ladies' Lounging Room, Barber Shop, Amusement Room, Club Room, Solarium, Grotto, and Roof Garden; an Indian Museum called the Hopi House and two more canyon trails; and an embryonic little village, complete with post office and grammar school, to house the employees of the hotels and the railroad.

Some things had not changed, however, including the heart-stopping rigors of trail-riding, and Cobb's recollection of his first descent into the Canyon via the Bright Angel Trail is easily the best part of his account of the stay at Grand Canyon: "At the start there is always a lot of nervous chatter—

airy persiflage flies to and fro and much laughing is indulged in. But it has a forced, strained sound, that laughter has; it does not come from the heart, the heart being otherwise engaged for the moment. Down a winding footpath moves the procession, with the guide in front, and behind him in single file his string of pilgrims—all as nervous as cats and some holding to their saddle-pommels with death-grips....

"The parade moves on. All at once you notice that the person immediately ahead of you has apparently ridden right over the wall of the cañon. A moment ago his arched back loomed before you; now he is utterly gone. It is at this point that some tourists tender their resignations—to take effect immediately....

"You reflect that thousands of persons have already done this thing; that thousands of others—men, women, and children—are going to do it, and that no serious accident has yet occurred—which is some comfort, but not much. The thought comes to you that, after all, it is a very bright and beautiful world you are leaving behind. You turn your head to give it a long, lingering farewell, and you try to put your mind on something cheerful—such as your life insurance....

"As you emerge on the lower side you forget all about your life-insurance papers and freeze to your pommel with both hands...and all your vital organs come up in your throat, where you can taste them. If anybody had shot me through the middle just about then he would have inflicted only a flesh wound. You have come out on a place where the trail clings to the sheer side of the dizziest, deepest chasm in the known world....

"My mule had one very disconcerting way about her.... When she came to a particularly scary spot, which was every minute or so, she would stop dead still. I concurred in that part heartily. But then she would face outward and crane her neck over the fathomless void of that bottomless pit, and for a space of moments would gaze steadily downward, with a despondent droop of her fiddle-shaped head and a suicidal gleam in her mournful eyes....But either the time was not ripe for the rash act or else she abhorred the thought of being found dead in the company of a mere tourist, so she did not leap off into space, but restrained herself; and I was very grateful to her for it. It made a bond of sympathy between us....

"By the Bright Angel Trail it is three hours on a mule to the plateau...and it is an hour or so more to the riverbed, down at the very bottom. When you finally arrive there and look up you do not see how you ever got down, for the trail has magically disappeared....Under these circumstances it is not so strange that some travelers who have been game enough until now suddenly weaken. Their nerves capsize and the grit runs out of them like sand out of an overturned pail....

"Coming back up out of the Grand Cañon is an even more inspiring and amazing performance than going down. But by now...you are beginning to get used to the sensation of skirting along the raw and ragged verge of nothing. Narrow turns where, going down, your hair pushed your hat off, no longer affright you; you take them jauntily—almost debonairly. You feel that you are now an old mountain-scaler, and your soul begins to crave for a trip with a few more thrills to the square inch in it."

If the essence of canyon-climbing had not altered noticeably by 1912, neither had Captain John Hance, whom Cobb characterized as "the official prevaricator of the Grand Cañon. It is probably the only salaried job of the sort in the world—his competitors in the same line of business mainly work for the love of it." Everyone who knows them has his own favorite among Hance's stories, but the one that Cobb encountered shortly before leaving may well be the best of the lot, and certainly it provides a fittingly irreverent climax to Cobb's Grand Canyon narrative: "It concerns the fate of one Total Loss Watkins, an old and devoted friend of the captain. As a preliminary he leads a group of wide-eared, doe-eyed victims to the rim of the Cañon. 'Right here,' he says sorrowfully, 'was where poor old Total slipped off one day. It's two thousand feet to the first ledge and we thought he was a gone fawnskin, sure! But he had on rubber boots, and he had the presence of mind to light standin' up. He bounced up and down for two days and nights without stoppin', and then we had to get a wingshot to kill him in order to keep him from starvin' to death.' "

The South Rim obviously has changed even more in the fifty-eight years since Cobb's visit than it did between 1898 and 1912. It is now possible to get to the Canyon by automobile or bus over a major highway from Flagstaff in a little over an hour, and while the train (diesel-powered now) still comes in daily from the main line, airline service is provided at an airport just eight miles south of the Park. The El Tovar is still there, as is an expanded Bright Angel Lodge, but these are now abetted by the modernistic Yavapai Lodge, together with motel cabins, a trailer court, and two expansive campgrounds. Grand Canyon Village has become a bustling little sub-sub-metropolis with its own high school. The South Rim has difficulty these days in even beginning to take care of all the people who come to Grand Canyon.

But nothing essential has changed, for those who come are still pilgrims seeking the almost transcendental experience of the Canyon. Through the efforts of such men as George Horace Lorimer, Theodore Roosevelt, and even Burton Holmes and Irvin S. Cobb, together with those thousands of books, pamphlets, calendars, photographs, *et alia* mentioned earlier, the Grand Canyon has been lifted from relative obscurity to become a crown jewel among the hundreds of stunningly beautiful natural wonders that Americans have come to view as perhaps the richest portion of their national heritage. Wherever the spirit of John Hance may be—and surely he hovers rakishly on the South Rim, thinking up spectral lies—it is to be hoped that he finds the transformation satisfactory; for he was the first and greatest pilgrim.

The Last Battle of the Redwoods

by Michael McCloskey

On October 2, 1968, President Lyndon B. Johnson signed into law a bill creating Redwood National Park. Told here for the first time is how it came to pass, a narrative of dedication, frustration, dissension, disappointment, antagonism, compromise, and victory—in short, an American success story.

ON SEEING the Redwood National Park for the first time a recent visitor from Washington, D.C., characterized it as "something of a fraud." He had just floated down its main stream, and his bitter disappointment over its inadequacies was not an uncommon reaction. Almost everyone connected with its establishment was disappointed in some respect. Park supporters had to accept what they considered "damaged goods" and ended up with a park that is too small. Park opponents, of course, believed the park was either unnecessary or too large

Despite these dissatisfactions, however, its creation was in many ways a great victory: The Redwood National Park is the most expensive park ever authorized at any time or in any place. It was a pioneering effort, for it repossessed a national asset that had fallen into private hands. The park was established over the monumental opposition of the most powerful combine of financial interests that ever stood against a park That opposition was complemented by a failure in leadership both by federal and state administrations and by the conservation movement itself, which failed to unite divergent groups into a single force.

In overcoming all these obstacles, some important new tools were forged to help park acquisition generally, chief among them the congressional "declaration of taking" of all lumber company lands. Never before had congressional condemnation been used for land to create parks, and probably never before had such a large tract been condemned. This innovation alone marked the effort as a milestone.

Some may view the campaign for a redwood national park as the last of a classic type of conservation battle. The subject matter involved certainly is among the last of a type. Yet the complex politics of the campaign suggests it may also be viewed as a harbinger of more sophisticated campaigns ahead. As an affirmative campaign for legislation sponsored by conservationists, it introduced a new generation of conservationists to the problems of advocacy. Leaders in the campaign had to worry about prevailing at every step in the legislative process. Wide popular support had to be developed. Probably as many as

40,000 people wrote their representatives during the campaign. That conservationists prevailed is proof that they learned the necessary lessons.

I. THE FORMATIVE PHASE

THE FINAL CAMPAIGN for a redwood national park occurred at a time when the political and physical criteria favorable to such a campaign were out of phase. By standards of physical availability and suitability, the period for establishing a good redwood national park was in the 1920s or 1930s, when some of the best forests were still intact. Though studies were made then and proposals formulated, the time did not seem right politically. Consequently, the national park campaign in the 1960s became something of a salvage effort directed at linking together the best of the virgin stands that had survived by chance.

The circumstance that a national park did not become politically feasible until after the best physical opportunities had already vanished caused many problems in launching the final successful effort. Most prevalent was the belief that there were no forests of sufficient magnitude surviving in the coastal redwoods to merit national park status—a theme vigorously promoted by the lumber companies, who maintained that all the best stands were protected in state parks. Finally, and most damaging of all, the Save-the-Redwoods League had lost hope in the idea.

From its inception in 1918, the Save-the-Redwoods League had been officially dedicated to the goal of having a redwood national park established. The League brought together people who had become interested in the establishment of both a national park and a system of smaller state parks in the redwood region of California. The League, under the leadership of Newton and Aubrey Drury, bent itself assiduously to its two tasks.

As early as 1920 it was instrumental in having a federal study commissioned to look into the best opportunity for a national park. The Reddington Report, which issued from the study, recommended establishment of a 64,000-acre national park in the virgin forests that then lined the banks of the lower Klamath River. Lack of national interest, however, caused that report to be soon forgotten, and consequently the League turned ever more strongly to the task of developing state parks. Working in what seemed the only practical way, the League proceeded with unremitting energy to solicit donations which it asked the state to match in order to buy groves for state parks. Under this formula, by 1964 the League had succeeded in raising over $11 million, which prompted the state to undertake purchases totaling 102,000 acres.

The League's success with the state park system weakened its interest in a national park. When, at the end of World War II supporters of federal intervention in the redwoods were ready for another major effort, the League had lost its appetite for the fight. Newton Drury, the League's principal staff officer, was then director of the National Park Service, on leave from the League. Instead of heading the campaign for a national park, he issued a memorandum indicating that the League no longer attached much importance to the idea: "There are those who ask why it would not be desirable at this time to move toward the establishment of a Redwood National Park. My candid answer to that would be that I should favor this if it were feasible, but I do not think it is. Surely the Coast Redwoods merit this designation—they are among the wonders of the world—but the fact is that the best and most representative of these forests are now in the California State Parks. They are being carefully and intelligently protected. Thus it would not be realistic to propose a Redwood National Park." Needless to say, the effort in the 1940s was no more successful than in the decades before.

So the League went quietly about its business, but by the early 1960s three factors were at work to weaken the finality with which the idea had been interred. Disastrous floods in 1955 in the largest redwood state park awakened a growing body of conservationists to the realization that the job of preserving the best redwoods was far from complete. Limited acquisitions in valley bottoms left the groves exposed to floods and erosion from upper slopes and watersheds.

Extension of freeways into the redwood region in the late fifties revealed the vulnerability of the state parks to another type of destruction. State parks, which California pledged itself to hold inviolate, were being compromised badly. While an effort was made to minimize the damage done to Humboldt Park by the first freeway, it still appalled conservationists. Adoption in 1963 of a route through the northern end of Jedediah Smith State Park confirmed the extent of the threat. Having watched park authorities acquiesce in these two routings, conservationists made their stand at Prairie Creek State Park, where they insisted on a more expensive route bypassing the park on its eastern periphery. After prolonged controversy, Governor Edmund Brown, acting under heavy pressure, intervened to protect that park.

Finally, the thinning screen of timber along the northern redwood highway shocked conservationists into comprehending what that country would be like if more redwoods were destroyed. The isolation of the state parks was made dramatically clear in 1962 when Arcata Redwood Company logged down to the highway at the southern boundary of Prairie Creek Park. The illusion created by the roadside screens had been shattered.

Floods, freeways, and disappearing roadside screens made it evident that a larger plan was necessary, that federal help was essential, and that it had to come fast. In 1961 Dr. Edgar Wayburn and other leaders in the Sierra Club encouraged the new secretary of the interior, Stewart Udall, to look at the redwood region and its problems, and two years later Udall announced he thought the idea of a national park should be revived. In May, 1963, he revealed that he had procured a $64,000 grant from the National Geographic Society to fi-

nance a study by the National Park Service. The report, issued in September of 1964 after a thorough reconnaissance of the region, launched the final campaign for a redwood national park.

President Lyndon Johnson, previewing the report's findings at a special White House gathering on June 25, 1964, stressed these points: "... at the present rate of logging and with destruction resulting from inadequate conservation practices, the future of the redwoods is in doubt. Once there were two million acres of virgin coast redwoods reaching from Point Sur to southern Oregon. Today only about 15 percent remains uncut. Only about 2½ percent has some degree of permanent protection. [The report said the 12½ percent unprotected would be logged and lost within thirty years.] ... Last year, the National Geographic Society discovered in a secluded grove of coast redwoods the world's three tallest trees —the tallest standing 367 feet. ... Now a preliminary report from the National Park Service and the National Geographic Society indicates there remains a last-chance opportunity for the United States. This nation can protect these redwoods by creating a great and unique national park in one area of northern California. I have directed Secretary Udall to prepare a plan for a redwoods national park and to have it ready for presentation to the Congress next January."

Nearly two months before the president's conference, the *New York Times* revealed that the study team had found something very special. Not only were trees of record height found, in the lower valley of Redwood Creek in northernmost Humboldt County, but with them the largest, and one of the finest, surviving virgin forests. This finding had been suggested in maps in *The Last Redwoods*, an exhibit-sized book on the redwoods' plight, which the Sierra Club issued in December of 1963. Yet the main valley of Redwood Creek had never been featured in the programs of the Save-the-Redwoods League or the state of California. It was basically an unknown area, and acceptance of its importance was slow in coming.

The Park Service recommended establishment of a major federal park, centered in the lower valley of the creek but encompassing Prairie Creek State Park and the coastline running north to the Klamath River. Three alternatives of various sizes were suggested: 53,000, 39,000, and 31,000 acres, with nine miles of Redwood Creek and its eastern slope as the irreducible core. The largest plan was the preferred plan, though even it was acknowledged as short of the ideal.

On issuing its report in September, the Park Service invited public comment by December. An avalanche of comment came in, and with it a monumental new controversy. The lumber industry, opposing any national park at all, quickly mobilized local trade groups against the park, as well as the main local organs of opinion. Claiming a park was not needed, the industry belittled the value of Redwood Creek and predicted tax losses and unemployment if a park were set aside. Conservationists tried just as hard to rally general support outside the north coast. By December the Park Service's regional office had received over six thousand communications, predominantly in favor of a large park in Redwood Creek.

Believing that they had overcome the counterattack, leaders of the Sierra Club, who had been working closely with the Park Service, confidently looked forward to release of an official administration proposal in January, as President Johnson had promised. Knowing that the record showed strong support for the largest of the service proposed plans, the club went on to propose an even larger plan, which extended farther upstream to the end of the virgin forests in Redwood Creek.

In their comments, conservationists set forth four basic reasons for a national park: (1) to protect the major discoveries in Redwood Creek from destruction by the lumber companies that owned them; (2) to extend greater protection to Prairie Creek State Park, which was threatened by a freeway; (3) to fill a gap in the National Park System's display of a major natural phenomenon; and (4) to provide more units for future recreational need.

II. THE WAITING PERIOD

With the beginning of 1965, the Eighty-ninth Congress convened—the Congress most sympathetic to conservation in decades. If it had received an administration recommendation in the early months of 1965, it should have had time to act on the legislation and probably would have approved a superior bill. Tragically, however, no administration recommendation was sent to Congress in 1965; none in fact materialized until February, 1966. The delay came at a terrible cost.

In President Johnson's special message on "Natural Beauty" in February, 1965, there was a hint that something had gone wrong. Instead of announcing an administration plan, he said: "I have requested the secretary of the interior, working with interested groups, to conduct a study on the *desirability* of establishing a Redwood National Park in California" (emphasis added). In time it became evident that two forces were giving the president second thoughts. Apparently the administration was worried about the political implications of the lumber industry's charge that the park would cause widespread local unemployment. In addition to pressure from the industry, the Save-the-Redwoods League made it increasingly clear throughout the winter that it thought the national park should be mainly in the Mill Creek basin. The privately owned portion of this basin represented the largest unfinished part of the league's acquisition program. Shedding some if its skepticism about the prospects for a national park, the League now exerted itself behind the scenes to persuade Secretary Udall to shift the official administration recommendation to Mill Creek.

With the league's failure to give strong support to the original recommendations of the Park Service, any semblance of unity in the conservation movement broke down. A facade

of unity was attempted in March when the Sierra Club solicited agreement from ten national groups that Redwood Creek was a suitable place for a national park. Soon various groups were unveiling their own preferred plans. In the end, even the Audubon Society and the Izaak Walton League wavered in supporting Redwood Creek as the major site for the national park. Only the Wilderness Society and the Garden Clubs of America remained with the Sierra Club in supporting the Park Service's field report throughout the controversy.

While the Sierra Club had explored Redwood Creek in detail, its variety and features remained unknown and unappreciated by too many groups. Its inaccessibility and lack of historic recognition left its importance in doubt in the minds of many national groups. And failing to comprehend the extent of what was possible in Redwood Creek, too many were left wondering whether any worthwhile effort was still possible

Faced with increasing industry pressure and disarray in the conservation movement, Secretary Udall put the director of the Park Service, George Hartzog, and the director of the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation, Edward Crafts, in charge of fashioning a final proposal by June of 1965. It never appeared.

The lumber industry, however, was ready to move. In the first logging season following issuance of the park report, key areas in the proposed park were logged. Arcata Redwood, which owned the eastern half of the area, logged Bond Creek flat and moved into Lost Man Creek. Georgia-Pacific began clearing major areas to the west. Of the four summers of logging to occur while the park was being debated, 1965 was the most damaging. Fearing this irrevocable activity, the Sierra Club proposed in the spring that annual logging rights be purchased, and condemned if necessary; but the administration did not respond.

It appeared that the administration was stalled completely. Actually, the Interior Department was trying to find a way to accommodate the Save-the-Redwoods League by including Mill Creek as a unit in an expanded plan. In July and again in September, 1965, the department sent to the Bureau of the Budget a recommendation for a park including two units—Redwood Creek and Mill Creek. Totaling 93,000 acres, the expanded plan was estimated to cost $120 million. The original plan that the Park Service had recommended in September of 1964 was priced at $95 million.

The Bureau of the Budget refused to accept the expanded plan—presumably on the basis of cost (which was about triple that of the most expensive park ever purchased before) although it may also have been concerned about economic impact.

By November the Interior Department was in retreat. At an invitational meeting November 22, it revealed it was now trying to make a choice among three alternative plans, ranging from the two-unit plan of 93,000 acres to one of only 61,000 acres. The progressive reductions in size were made in the southern unit, Redwood Creek, with Mill Creek's size remaining constant—an arrangement indicating the growing influence of Mill Creek supporters.

By fall, the Sierra Club felt it could wait no longer. On the day before final adjournment of the first session of the Eighty-ninth Congress, the club prevailed upon Congressman Jeffery Cohelan of California and three other congressmen to introduce a bill the club had drafted. The bill, which had been submitted to the Interior Department in the spring, would have established a park of 90,000 acres (33,000 in privately-held virgin timber) in Redwood Creek and followed the format of the original field report of the Park Service. Its cost was estimated at $140 million, though provision was made for private donations to reduce the outlay.

With the opening of the second session of the Eighty-ninth Congress, the club worked feverishly to get more introductions of its bill and succeeded in mobilizing more than fifty sponsors. But in February the worst happened. When the administration finally sent its park recommendation to Congress, Redwood Creek was abandoned entirely except for possible inclusion of a thousand acres around the grove with the tallest trees—if they were donated. The administration instead asked Congress to authorize a park of only 43,800 acres in the Mill Creek drainage (only 7,000 in privately-held virgin timber). A disproportionately high price tag was announced —$56 million, which undoubtedly contained large safety factors to satisfy the Bureau of the Budget.

Thus the Save-the-Redwoods League succeeded in reversing the Park Service, aided in the process by concern in the Budget Bureau over cost and in the Office of the President over the political implications in California of a titanic struggle with the redwood lumber companies. Governor Edmund Brown, facing a grim contest for reelection, had no desire to consolidate opposition to his candidacy in the north coastal counties. His own state administration had opposed a large park in Redwood Creek and had argued for a smaller one in Mill Creek.

Secretary Udall defended the change in site by claiming, "We wanted to pick a park, not a fight." A park in Mill Creek would be cheaper, would hurt only one lumber company instead of three, and would remove less land from the tax rolls. The only trouble with the plan was that it would not save many redwoods. Accordingly, it drew virtually no public support, save from the league. Nevertheless, for almost a year and a half the administration tried vainly to rally congressional support for its new proposal, in the face of continued opposition by the Sierra Club and its allies, who called it "half a park" and "second rate." Detailed comparisons of the two plans were prepared showing the inadequacies of the Mill Creek site. In national mailings, the club urged citizens to send letters to the president pleading for reconsideration of Redwood Creek. Thousands were sent.

In June, 1966, the Senate Interior Committee agreed to hold hearings in the field on the various bills. On June 17 and

18 hearings were held in Crescent City, California. A majority of those testifying opposed the administration's bill, with not one single local resident stepping forth to support it. Substantial support, however, was expressed for a park in Redwood Creek, with three-fourths of those speaking for a park favoring that location. A fair number of these witnesses were from the north coast. At subsequent hearings in Washington, D.C., on August 17, the same ratio of preference for the Redwood Creek prevailed, though little opposition to the concept of a national park manifested itself. At the two hearings, only a total of eight witnesses, of 152 testifying, supported the administration proposal. In the written records, sentiment ran three to one in favor of a park and twenty to one in favor of Redwood Creek.

The administration faced another grave obstacle. Miller Redwood Company, which owned Mill Creek, was trying to sever the virgin timber that remained in the basin from Jedediah Smith State Park. In the spring of 1966 it started cutting right along the south park boundary. Confronted with this development, President Johnson asked Congress on September 1 for authority to condemn all cutting rights in the proposed park for a year, with criminal penalties for unauthorized cutting. The companies responded by deluging him with telegrams of protest from the locality. When Congress showed every sign of taking the president's request seriously, the five companies involved finally pledged themselves voluntarily on September 7 to exercise some restraint for a period of one year.

Meanwhile, the companies set about formulating a new strategy. Initially, they had opposed any national park. Then they had offered an alternative plan, which consisted of opening to the public 360,000 acres of their own lands at various times for hunting and fishing (lands which had generally been closed) and offering to sell a few isolated cathedral-like stands (about 3,100 acres) to the state for inclusion in state parks. Now they decided this was no longer a tenable alternative and produced a new plan for a federal area of 53,000 acres, which they called the National Redwood Park and Seashore. In it the redwoods were found mainly in state parks, which would be transferred; new acquisitions would be in a narrow band along a fifty-mile stretch of seashore.

By fall, it was evident that something of a stalemate had developed between the Mill Creek and Redwood Creek sites, with little serious attention being given to the seashore plan. The Sierra Club sought to break the stalemate by arguing that a better park could be purchased in Redwood Creek for whatever amount of money was available. It drew up a plan specifically showing what could be bought in Redwood Creek for $56 million, claiming that more virgin timber could be had there for the price, because fewer partially cut stands need be taken. The club challenged the administration's assertions that better timber existed in Mill Creek. Arguing that the way to settle the controversy was to have impartial surveys done of the timber in both areas, the club proposed that a

A REDWOOD CHRONOLOGY
Or,
39 Steps in the Making of a National Park

1918: Founding of the Save-the-Redwoods League.

1920: Reddington Report recommends establishment of a 64,000-acre Redwood National Park. Report forgotten

1961: Sierra Club encourages secretary of the interior, Stewart Udall, to look into the matter.

1963: **May**—Udall procures funding for the National Park Service to study redwood park feasibility. **December**—Sierra Club publishes **The Last Redwoods.**

1964: **June**—*President Lyndon B. Johnson announces that he has directed* Udall to prepare a park plan for presentation to Congress in January, 1965. **September**—National Park Service issues its report, calling for a "preferred" 53,000-acre park, with Redwood Creek area as irreducible core. **November**—Save-the-Redwoods League begins to call for a park in Mill Creek area instead of Redwood Creek.

1965: **February**—Johnson announces he has directed Udall to conduct a study on the "desirability" of a park. No administration plan is offered to Congress. **March**—Sierra Club solicits agreement from ten national conservation groups (not including the League) to support park in Redwood Creek area. **June**—Lumber companies begin to cut timber in areas of proposed park. **July**—Interior Department submits a 93,000-acre plan to Bureau of the Budget. Mill Creek and Redwood Creek are included. Bureau rejects it. **September**—Interior Department again submits its plan. Again, the Bureau rejects it. **November**—Interior Department announces it is now considering smaller park proposals. *Principal reductions are in Redwood Creek area.* **December**—Congressman Jeffery Cohelan submits bill to Congress based on Sierra Club's proposal for a 90,000-acre park in Redwood Creek area. **February**—Johnson administration submits its own proposal to Congress, calling for a park of 43,000 acres that does not include Redwood Creek. Sierra Club calls it "half a park." **June**—Senate Interior Committee holds public hearings on proposed park. Sentiment heavy in favor of Redwood Creek location **September**—Lumber companies agree to exercise some restraint in logging. They then propose their own park plan of 53,000 acres, calling it National Redwood Park and Seashore **December**—Congress adjourns without acting on any park proposal.

1967: **January**—California's newly-elected governor, Ronald Reagan, announces his support of the loggers' National Redwood Park and Seashore. **February**—Sierra Club launches a newspaper advertising campaign for its park proposal. **March**—Administration resubmits its Mill Creek proposal to Congress, including this time a land exchange provision to placate the Reagan administration. **April**—Senate Interior Committee hearings conducted. Sierra Club insists on Redwood Creek. **May**—Sierra Club proves its contention that Redwood Creek is superior to Mill Creek. **June**—During House Interior Committee meetings a basic disagreement between Bureau of Budget and State of California becomes apparent. **July**—Sierra Club continues its advertising campaign. **August**—Senator Thomas Kuchel decides administration bill is not politically viable. Basic outlines of compromise begin to emerge. **September**—Critical behind-the-scenes negotiations get underway. **October**—Senate Interior Committee files a report recommending a park of 64,000 acres. Both Redwood Creek and Mill Creek are included. A bill based on the report is introduced to the House and passes 77–6. **November**—Georgia-Pacific Company cuts timber **within** proposed park boundaries, but finally agrees to stop until the end of the next session of Congress. **December**—Georgia-Pacific and other companies log areas adjacent to proposed park. Sierra Club protests, with partial success.

1968: **February**—Arcata Redwood Company logs on proposed park's eastern boundary. Protests have no effect. **April**—House Interior Committee holds hearings on Senate's bill. **May**—Hearings concluded in Washington. Udall expresses administration support of Senate bill, and Reagan administration offers cooperation. **June**—House Interior Committee releases report, calling for a park of only 25,000 acres. Conservationists are stunned, and frantically begin to engender opposition to committee's proposal. **July**—Committee report filed and cast in the form of a substitute bill for that passed by Senate. Bill is brought up for action and passes the House, 388–15. Senate votes to reject House substitute, forcing bill into conference committee. **August**—Five conferees appointed from House and Senate. After initial session, deliberations are postponed until September. **September**—A compromise bill for a park of 58,000 acres is announced by the conference committee. The bill passes the House, 329–1. **October 2**—Redwood National Park bill is signed into law by President Johnson.

survey of Redwood Creek be done by the same firm that the administration had used to survey Mill Creek in the spring of 1966. The Interior Department agreed and retained the firm to finish comparative studies. An economic impact study for the Redwood Creek site, parallel to that done for the Mill Creek site, was also ordered.

The Eighty-ninth Congress adjourned with no action on bills in either house, but the chairmen of the interior committees in both houses indicated that in 1967 they would move quickly to complete action by September, when the agreements on logging restrictions would expire.

A major political change in California in January of 1967 delayed any quick action, however. Ronald Reagan, who supported the timber companies' park plans, took office as California governor and announced that while he favored the seashore plan, he wanted ninety days' delay to study the matter further. The delay was granted.

In March the federal administration resubmitted its Mill Creek proposal to the new Congress. The basic proposal was the same, with two important exceptions. To placate the Reagan administration, which seemed reluctant to transfer any property to the federal government without compensation, the Johnson administration now proposed to transfer to the state 31,000 acres of Bureau of Land Management land in the coastal King Range, in southern Humboldt County, and tiny Muir Woods National Monument just north of San Francisco. The revised plan also contained a feature designed to placate the Sierra Club, the inclusion of some 17,000 acres in the northern end of the Redwood Creek area, provided that private philanthropy came up with the acquisition money. This concession suggested the administration might be willing to accept a two-unit park again as a compromise.

Senator Thomas Kuchel of California reintroduced the administration measure. Senator Lee Metcalf of Montana, with nineteen other senators, reintroduced the Sierra Club bill. Throughout the spring and summer the Sierra Club pushed hard for Redwood Creek. Pursuing the question of cost, the club ran full-page advertisements in February in three newspapers with the headline: "History will think it most strange that America could afford the Moon and $4 billion airplanes, while a patch of primeval redwoods—not too big for a man to walk through in a day—was considered beyond its means." Readers were urged to send coupons and letters to the president, to California's governor, and to the lumber companies. The Sierra Club followed this with another ad in July.

At hearings before the Senate Interior Committee on April 17–18, the club indicated it was flexible on the question of size, cost, and the inclusion of additional units. The only thing it insisted on was that Redwood Creek be a major unit in the park. The club claimed that all the criteria by which the administration rationalized its choice of Mill Creek—timber quality, watershed protection, and recreational capacity—would be better met in Redwood Creek, and it rejected the condition that the Redwood Creek unit be acquirable only if donated funds were available.

By mid-May, the club had in hand some solid proof of its contentions. The comparative timber survey that the club had requested showed four times more virgin timber in private hands in Redwood Creek, ten times more trees of superior size, and three times more cathedral-like stands. Moreover, it showed a greater percentage of virgin stands in comparison to cut-over stands in Redwood Creek. Comparative economic studies released about the same time also showed that the Redwood Creek site would cause less generally-felt impact in large Humboldt County than would the other site in smaller Del Norte County.

By this time, Interior Secretary Stewart Udall had lost his appetite for the controversy. He turned over detailed management of the campaign to the director of the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation, Edward Crafts. The Bureau of the Budget undertook direction of the high-level political planning. Throughout the spring the Budget Bureau attempted desperately to gain Governor Ronald Reagan's support. A package of economic concessions was proffered: in-lieu tax payments for five years ($1.7 million), accelerated park development ($18.3 million), a new parkway in the redwoods ($6 million), new national forest road construction ($11 million), an increase of 37 million board-feet in allowable cut in these forests, $3 million of recreational developments there, $30 million in accelerated freeway construction in the region, transfer of not only Muir Woods National Monument but also Devils Postpile National Monument, and transfer of the Bureau of Land Management's King Range and possibly another 270,000 acres. Finally, the Budget Bureau stated it was willing to forego recommending any expansion of the park into Redwood Creek, even with donations, if the state wanted that assurance.

The Budget Bureau's sweeping offer apparently misread the attitude of California's new administration. The state appeared now to want just two things: transfer of four beaches in military reserves and transfer of the Forest Service's 14,000-acre redwood purchase unit on an exchange basis to the lumber companies that were losing their lands to the park. Responding to pressure from the Forest Service, the Bureau of the Budget absolutely refused to contemplate transfer of the purchase unit.

The basic disagreement surfaced during summer hearings of the House Interior Committee beginning on June 27—the last occasion on which the administration attempted a major defense of its proposal. While Interior Undersecretary Charles Luce implied that the state supported the administration's bill, this claim collapsed as the hearings progressed. It was quite evident that California was not endorsing any of the bills before Congress, while expressing concurrence in the desirability of pursuing the general goal of a redwood national park. Surprisingly, the Reagan administration was exhibiting greater flexibility on the question of location than

The legacy of exploitation in the Skunk Cabbage Creek area, cut over by the Arcata Redwood Company.

was the Johnson administration, under the guidance of Resources Administrator Norman Livermore, the state became increasingly cooperative.

At the hearings, Representative John Saylor (Pennsylvania), the ranking minority member and sponsor of the Redwood Creek measure, attacked the Mill Creek bill. The directors of the National Park Service and the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation were cross-examined in minute detail, with the question raised again and again of why the 1964 report of the Park Service had been virtually repudiated. No good answer was provided. Over in the Senate, Lee Metcalf did his own dissecting in a speech exposing the inconsistencies of the Bureau of the Budget's position. Pointing to all the financial concessions that were being offered the state, Senator Metcalf observed: "Here is $51 million that the Bureau can find for freeways, parkways, and logging roads that it can't find for saving redwoods. . . ."

The end was close for the administration bill.

III. THE FINAL BREAKTHROUGH

THE TIME HAD COME for the congressional committees to begin to decide what they were going to do. The Senate moved first. The key to resolving the deadlock was Senator Kuchel of California, the ranking Republican on the Interior Committee and the state's senior senator. Out of an affinity for the Johnson administration, he had sponsored its bill but had drawn no public support for it, and sometime in the third week of August, 1967, he decided that the administration bill was just not a viable proposal. A new compromise would have to be worked out. The only logical political solution was to combine some elements of the two contending plans. The stumbling block was the cost. Fortunately, however, the Reagan administration's demand for exchange of the purchase unit provided the solution. Though the Reagan administration wanted the purchase unit to alleviate the loss of operating timber for the companies affected, it would also serve to reduce the necessary outlays. Thought to be worth between $30 and $40 million, the purchase unit in effect would make it possible to go that much beyond $60 million in appropriated money, which was about the most it seemed that Congress would allocate.

By August 27, the basic outlines of a compromise were emerging. The plan put three-fourths of the acquisition money into Redwood Creek with only one-fourth in Mill Creek, included all three state parks, and linked them together with a long coastal corridor. The plan provided something for each of the main parties to the dispute: the Sierra Club got the main focus of acquisition shifted to Redwood Creek; the administration and the Save-the-Redwoods League managed to hang onto a northern unit including part of Mill Creek; the Reagan administration got the purchase unit utilized for exchange purposes; and the lumber companies avoided having a park in either Mill Creek or Redwood Creek as large as conservationists were advocating.

Throughout September frenetic negotiations proceeded behind the scenes. The Sierra Club, while expressing disappointment that compromise was necessary, pledged its support. The administration at last indicated flexibility, although the Agriculture Department bitterly opposed use of the purchase unit. The lumber companies pleaded their case again and tried to get acquisitions shrunk.

Finally on October 10 the committee filed its report, recommending authorization of a park of 64,000 acres costing $100 million. A new bill (S.2515) was filed embracing this recommendation, providing for a southern unit of 35,684 acres (22,474 to be taken from private owners) and a northern unit of 25,970 acres (11,150 in private ownership). In total, the new plan would save 13,000 additional acres of virgin redwood that the land-owning companies planned to cut down. Amazingly, the proposal drew wide support in the conservation movement. Faced with concrete action at last, the Save-the-Redwoods League said it would support the bill, and other groups which had advanced their own plans also now offered approval, though some, like the Sierra Club, did ask that the boundaries be expanded to 70,000 acres. While in Committee, Senator Metcalf had made an unsuccessful effort to get the size raised to that level.

True to form, however, a new controversy boiled forth. Groups close to the Forest Service, including most hunting and fishing organizations, objected vehemently to exchange of the purchase unit. The secretary of agriculture charged it was "a raid on the national forests" which "would open the floodgates" to further exchange proposals. The White House supported the secretary's position. The Sierra Club replied that the Forest Service often exchanged its own lands, with the only difference in this case being that the new property would be vested in another federal agency—the National Park Service. Pointing out that this unit was a remnant of a defunct purchase program, it observed additionally that the Forest Service planned to log the area anyway and sell its virgin timber and that there would be no "giveaway."

Most of the floor debate on October 31 and November 1 swirled around the land exchange provision of the bill. The great controversy over location of the park suddenly dropped

from sight, as well as the pleas of "ruin" from the companies. Prominent members of the Agriculture Committee vigorously opposed the exchange provision, however. Senator Allen Ellender, chairman of the committee, proposed an amendment to strike that provision and to provide that all the funding would be from appropriations. In a climactic vote, his amendment was defeated by a vote of 30–51. Immediately afterward, a vote was taken on the bill itself, which passed 77–6. The six "no" votes were all rooted in opposition to the exchange. No one opposed the park for reasons of size or location.

Meanwhile, something had to be done to prevent the companies from resuming cutting. On August 30, 1967, Senator Henry Jackson and Senator Kuchel had asked the companies to extend their agreements to restrict cutting until the end of the first session of the Ninetieth Congress, and they had agreed. Now that adjournment was near, new commitments were necessary to give the House a chance to act in 1968. On October 31 Arcata Redwood Company pledged to refrain from logging until the end of the second session of Congress. Miller Redwood Company also indicated it would continue to cooperate with the Congress, as did the Simpson Timber Company.

Georgia-Pacific had promised to withhold logging only until November 1. On October 21 new cutting was observed on the west slopes of Redwood Creek within an area that Georgia-Pacific had included in its agreement. Subsequently, it was learned that in the summer of 1967 Georgia-Pacific had unilaterally rescinded the part of its agreement covering this area.

The new logging was at a spot one-quarter of a mile within the boundaries of the proposed park on a ridge between McArthur and Elam creeks. The Sierra Club brought this cutting to light at a press conference in mid-November. A stormy battle of words ensued before Georgia-Pacific, under great pressure, finally agreed in late November to refrain from logging within the park until the end of Congress's next session.

The company refused to withhold cutting in areas immediately adjacent to the proposed park's boundaries, however. This zone was critical because the Senate bill authorized the secretary of the interior to round out park boundaries by adding another 2,346 acres in key spots. Moreover, the House of Representatives had still to act on the measure and might move to make additions. Thirty-four House members asked G-P to withhold logging near the boundary, but in early December, the company began to log in the Emerald Mile, a superlative gallery of virgin timber along Redwood Creek in the three miles upstream from the end of the Senate's creekside corridor. The Sierra Club again issued a denunciation to the press

G-P responded with nationally run full-page advertisements proclaiming, "Yes, America's majestic redwoods have already been saved," and denying that the trees it was cutting were majestic. The club responded in January with ads branding G-P with being guilty of "Legislation by Chain Saw." G-P's cutting, the club asserted, was defining the boundaries more clearly than Congress was, and was preempting that body's rights. In the end, the two hundred trees cut down in the Emerald Mile in December were left where they fell. G-P never acknowledged that it had succumbed to public pressure, but the cutting stopped. In February, however, Arcata Redwood began logging at the eastern boundary of the proposed park, along Bald Hills Road, and Simpson began logging in the upper portion of Redwood Creek. Protests again were lodged, to no avail.

As the second session of the Ninetieth Congress opened, there was reason for park supporters to be hopeful. At hearings of the House committee held on April 16 and 18, 1968, in the redwood region, testimony was well balanced between proponents and opponents of a park. Nearly all proponents spoke in favor of the Senate's bill, with many calling for enlargement to 72,000 acres. Hearings were concluded in Washington on May 20–21. Stewart Udall reappeared to express the administration's general support for the Senate bill, cautioning, however, that the administration believed cash outlays should not exceed $65 million. While the position of the executive branch officially remained in opposition to exchange of the purchase unit, Udall ventured a prediction that the president would sign a bill with such a provision if it were sent to him. The committee's predilection, at the time, seemed clearly toward using the purchase unit. The administration also called for legislative taking of lumber company lands to prevent price escalation and continued cutting, and the committee again appeared responsive. Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman argued once more in vehement terms against use of the purchase unit, but it was no longer clear whether he had the Bureau of the Budget firmly with him.

Conservation groups generally supported the Senate plan, with considerable support voiced for expansion. Though the lumber companies joined forces to give testimony, each made a separate offer looking toward a settlement. Arcata offered to sell Skunk Cabbage Creek plus a one-quarter-mile strip along Redwood Creek through the Emerald Mile. G-P offered a strip of similar width along its bank of Redwood Creek. Miller, too, offered to sell some of its timber, though less than the Senate bill called for.

At the hearings the Reagan administration altered its position to a somewhat more conciliatory stance. It recommended acquisition of a twelve-mile-long strip along Redwood Creek, which Arcata and G-P were offering, and a further reduction in the size of acquisitions in Mill Creek. Surprisingly, it offered statistics suggesting that more could be purchased for $100 million than the Senate projected. Finally, the state offered to cooperate in transferring one or more state parks.

Through most of June the committee deliberated. In a subcommittee meeting on June 25, the first decision was announced. Conservationists present were stunned. A plan of only 25,000 acres was unveiled, consisting of no more than the nine-mile strip along Redwood Creek offered by the lum-

ber companies, plus Prairie Creek and Del Norte Coast state parks to the north. This was the smallest redwood plan ever before Congress. While conservationists had realized that the companies had developed a rapport with the controlling powers of the committee, they had no intimations that the committee intended completely to abandon the idea of producing a park plan of substance. In fact, Committee Chairman Wayne Aspinall had told them that the lumber companies would not like his plan. Now the Los Angeles *Times* summed it up by saying: "The lumber companies won and the nation lost."

At this point the Sierra Club worked frantically to persuade members of the full committee to support improving amendments. Enough votes and proxies were pledged to get the Lost Man, Little Lost Man, and Skunk Cabbage creek areas restored. Yet at the meeting of the full committee on June 28, the motion to add these areas lost on a 10–7 vote. In a second devastating blow, four proxy votes pledged to the motion were not voted. Two members of the committee, ostensibly friendly to the park cause, dared not vote to override the chairman. The chairman, however, sensed the precariousness of his control. When Representative William F. Ryan of New York, who made the first failing motion, then moved to add the Emerald Mile and its slopes, Aspinall indicated he would not object and the motion carried on a voice vote. The size was set then at 28,500 acres. With this addition, the House plan looked like a snake with a kite tied to its tail. The shape had no logic, but a small moral victory had been won in getting the chairman to give way a little. Nevertheless, the overall plan was horrendous.

The committee report was filed on July 3 and was cast in the form of a substitute for the Senate bill. At a projected cost of $56 million, the House plan would have saved only 5,360 acres of virgin redwood. It provided for upslope watershed easements along the Redwood Creek corridor, but no use of the purchase unit was provided (the reduced cost did not require it), nor was there a legislative taking of timberlands. Ten members of the committee joined in filing minority reports asking for restoration of the acreage in the Senate bill. They also objected to a provision requiring donation of state parks before federal acquisition could take place, a provision which gave the state a veto over federal entry into the area.

In open session, Representative Aspinall tried to quiet the growing rebellion among the junior members of his committee by assuring them that an opportunity to amend would exist on the floor. He beseeched them not to push for amendments in committee as that would enmesh the bill in controversy and stall its progress. The important thing, he stressed, was to get a bill to the floor. Many members were clamoring for adjournment in time for the August conventions of the political parties.

The opportunity to seek amendments on the floor, however, never came. Shaken by opposition in his committee, Aspinall brought the bill up for action on the floor on July 15 under

Emerald Mile, which the Sierra Club fought to have included in Redwood National Park.

suspension of the rules. This procedure, which is usually reserved for uncontroversial measures, does not allow amendments to be made. It forces a choice of taking a bill as it is or rejecting it altogether. Conservationists were now jarred by a third successive setback in dealing with the House. Aspinall defended his action by contending that he could not get a rule to bring the bill up under normal procedures because of the jammed calendar. He declared in private that he was acting in good faith to rush the bill through the House merely to beat adjournment and promised that the *real* bill would be written in conference committee

That proved to be true, but conservationists had no way of knowing whether this promise would be any more reliable than the broken ones that preceded it. Congressman Jeffery Cohelan decided that he had to rally redwood supporters for a fight to force Aspinall at least to make a public declaration of his assurance to the members of the House assembled on the floor. Knowing that any determined minority can usually muster enough votes to deny the two-thirds margin needed for passage under a suspension of the rules, Cohelan gathered his supporters for a threatened effort to vote the bill down. Their hope was to force Aspinall to make a firm promise to the House or face defeat of his committee's bill. The risk, however, was that all forward progress would also be killed.

Fortunately, Aspinall began floor debate by promising that "I personally shall try to find in conference the answers by which the acreage can be increased to a reasonable and logical amount." Accordingly, Cohelan and seventy of his colleagues, who threatened to revolt, went along on the basis that, as Cohelan said, "Given the hard and unfair choice before us, voting 'Yes' is the lesser of two evils." Stormy debate over procedure quickly used up the forty minutes provided for debate. A roll call was demanded, with the bill passing by an anticlimactic vote of 388–15.

The Senate voted not to concur in the House substitute, and five conferees were appointed from each body, with only two of the five from the House of Representatives clearly sympathetic to the Senate's bill After an initial session on August 1, further deliberations were postponed until September 4, Congress having decided to recess rather than adjourn. On September 4 the conference committee resumed its work, and at the end of two days of closed discussion, it announced an agreement had been reached. Representative Aspinall had kept his word. The final bill was for a park of 58,000 acres with a prospective cost of $92 million; 11,000 acres of virgin redwood would be saved. Of the park's total acreage, the Northern Unit consisted of 20,852 acres (of which 5,625 were taken from private ownership) and the Southern Unit of 34,717 acres (of which 22,476 were taken from private ownership). Basically the format of the Senate bill was adopted, although Skunk Cabbage Creek was dropped and the Emerald Mile was added. The acreage in Mill Creek was shrunk some more, while two new additions were made along the coast. A spot near the mouth of the Klamath River—Flint Ridge—was added, as well as three more miles of coastline south of the mouth of Redwood Creek. From the House bill, a provision was included for watershed easements. Also the purchase unit was included, and a wholly new—and tight—provision for legislative taking.

The report was filed on September 11, approved by the House the next day by a vote of 329–1, and passed by the Senate a week later. Throughout the critical phases of congressional action, Senator Henry Jackson and Senator Thomas Kuchel were the actual architects of what was fashioned. They had the strength and conviction to get a redwood national park. The harrowing experience with the House of Representatives proved to be a dangerous but not fatal episode.

President Johnson proudly signed the bill on October 2, 1968. As he did, most of the 28,101 acres of private land moved into federal ownership in probably the largest congressional condemnation in history. Never before had so many redwoods been saved with one single stroke of the pen. Witnessing the signing were many of the people most responsible: Senators Jackson and Kuchel, Representatives Cohelan and Saylor, and leaders of the Sierra Club who directed the campaign, including Dr. Edgar Wayburn and his wife Peggy and the author.

The battle was over, but skirmishes continued. A few days before the president signed the bill, Georgia-Pacific put its bulldozers back into the Emerald Mile to drag its logs out, tearing up the watershed in the process. G-P had promised to stay out of the Emerald Mile only until Congress had completed action, and in the few days before possession was lost, it moved in. Arcata immediately pushed a new road into Skunk Cabbage Creek and began logging it the following spring, frustrating efforts of the Sierra Club to find new ways of adding it to the park. The future of most of the virgin east slope of Redwood Creek still remains in doubt. If it is not protected by being put into the park, the streamside corridor below it probably will not survive continual buffeting by erosion and wind. A further act of Congress undoubtedly will be needed to protect it, though it is the logical target for watershed easements.

So the race with the loggers continues. The final shape of the Redwood National Park remains unsettled, and as long as its boundaries remain "gerrymandered," many park visitors will continue to believe that they have been defrauded. They will be seeing, not a primeval forest, but remnants rescued by desperate struggle.

What they will see will be better than nothing, but this nation could have done better.

Michael McCloskey, conservation director and chief of staff for the Sierra Club, spearheaded that organization's legislative drive in Washington for a Redwood National Park from December, 1964, until the president signed the historic bill in October, 1968 His previous articles on conservation and other subjects have appeared in the *Saturday Review, Cry California, Per Se,* and *Western American Literature.*

Ansel Adams & The National Parks: III

Lake McDonald, Glacier National Park

Surely your turning of things upside down shall be esteemed as the potter's clay; for shall the work say of him that made it, He made me not? or shall the thing framed say of him that framed it, He had no understanding?

—*Isaiah, 29:16*

We will be held accountable for the world we create. The chief legacy of any generation is the quality of the environment it has shaped. The parklands of today, rescued from the utilitarian demands of the past, are a gift of beauty which we owe to the courage and foresight of those who came before us; they illustrate the kinds of choices that must be made by this generation if we are to avoid creating a world in which it may someday be quite impossible to live. The parklands of tomorrow must be rescued from the present; we will need them, for like those rescued from the past, they will provide the future with an antidote for man's persistence in poisoning his own spirit.

This is what the national parks are all about—and it is this to which the art of Ansel Adams is a living testament.

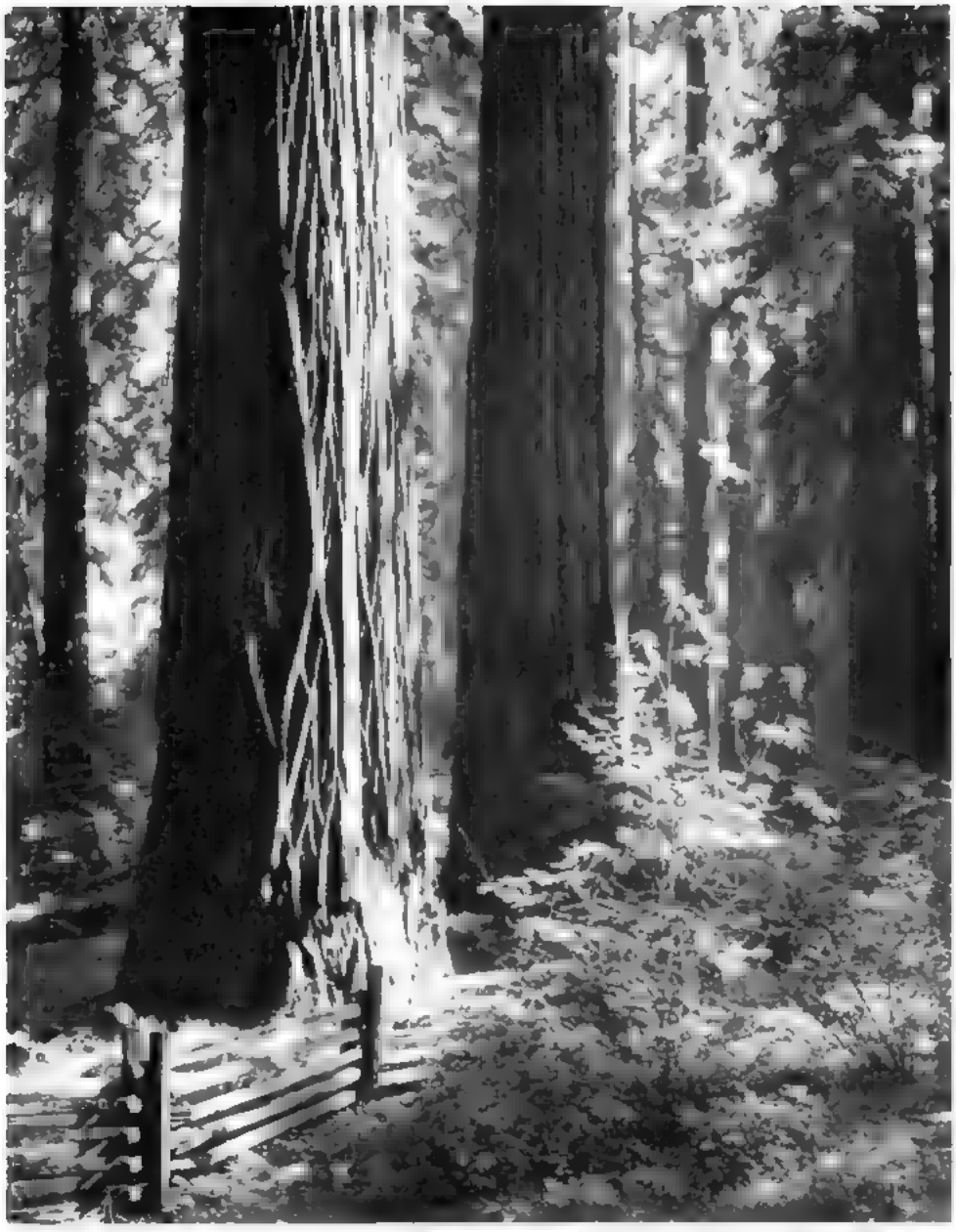
Moro Rock,
Sequoia
National Park,
California.

Preceding Two Pages:

(Left): The Great
White Throne, Zion
National Park, Utah.

(Right): El Capitan,
Winter, Yosemite
National Park.

Tetons and
Snake River,
Grand Teton
National Park,
Wyoming.



Coast Redwoods, Redwood National Park, California

THROUGH TIME AND WILDERNESS

By David Corkran

The themes of adventure in the wilderness, self-discovery through contact with nature, and alienation from society are not novel, but the memoirs of modern wilderness travelers sound a new note of desperation that springs from the rapid erosion of wild land in the United States. The two books under review share a regional theme—the canyon country of the Southwest. While man has made his mark here, it is still one of the most sparsely populated areas in the continental United States, and its desert type of wilderness has been the subject of few American writers. The exploding population of the twentieth century may overrun the desert, but there are signs that a serious desert literature may alert the public before complete destruction of the Southwest. Still, cries of desperation are in order.

Novelist Edward Abbey's *Desert Solitaire* is a composite memoir of his three summers as a National Park Service ranger at Arches National Monument, Utah. He patrolled Arches by foot, horseback, and truck. Occasionally he herded cattle and hunted for lost tourists. Out of these experiences and his frequent forays into the canyons and mountains, Abbey describes the fascination of the desert as he knows it and reflects on the value of wilderness.

Deserts are exciting places at times, but more often they are existential hells, hot and dull. It is to Abbey's credit that he evokes the hours of boredom as well as such exciting aspects of desert life as thunderstorms, flash floods, and mating snakes. His writing also conveys the harshness and color of the southwestern desert and some of the physical and emotional feelings that it inspires in a sensitive, albeit rugged man. The pace of the narrative is leisurely, though the writing is crisp and at times vigorous in its vernacular imagery.

The human subjects of *Desert Solitaire* are prospectors, miners, cowboys, Mormons, and tourists, most of whom inhabit the desert for only brief periods. Abbey liked the cowboys and uranium miners who swarmed into Moab to drink 3.2 beer at the Atom Cafe. He found their outdoor-rooted companionship congenial, despite the havoc they had wrought with his beloved wilderness. But he felt differently about those more modern destroyers of the landscape, the autoborne tourists. Those who reached his station encountered one of the most prickly rangers ever employed by the park service. He is contemptuous and bitter toward the "industrial tourism" which is destroying America's national parks. Throughout the book there is a strain of nihilism, perhaps nurtured by the desert but certainly born out of Abbey's perception of "what we call, in wistful hope, American civilization," which seems bent upon the utter subjugation of nature, even in those places ostensibly preserved in their virgin state.

Desert Solitaire: A Season in the Wilderness by Edward Abbey *(McGraw-Hill, New York, 1968; 269 pp., illus., $5.95).*

The Man Who Walked Through Time by Colin Fletcher *(Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1967; 239 pp., illus., appen., $5.95).*

Abbey *would* like to eliminate civilization—at least in the national parks. He makes three radical proposals, which are among the most simple and sensible ideas on park management recently broached in print. Abbey would prohibit motorized travel in the parks, replacing it with bicycle, horseback, and foot travel. No new roads would be built. And park rangers would become naturalists and trip leaders into the back country instead of traffic policemen and bureaucrats. He does not go into the formidable problems of wilderness management that would arise, but his suggestions should be seriously considered by all who want the national parks to be as preserves of primitive Americana rather than as trampled playgrounds buried under asphalt.

At least formally, Abbey's periodic retreats to the desert represent a desire to reintegrate himself with nature. But his greatest stress is upon the desert's harshness and cruelty, its inscrutable and suprahuman nature. "The desert lies beneath and soars beyond any possible human qualification. Therefore sublime." Elsewhere he describes it as "a bare skeleton of being, spare, sparse, austere, utterly worthless, inviting not love but contemplation." Thus the desert is not so much a place where man is integrated with nature, but where he can escape the anthropocentric predicament of culture and contemplate the inscrutable, transhuman natural world after the fashion of Robinson Jeffers. Yet in *Desert Solitaire*, probably the best American book on how it feels to live intimately with the desert, the mystical impulse which the desert may inspire fails to find adequate expression in prose.

The Grand Canyon is just that kind of mystic symbol around which meaning might cohere. It is every bit as hostile as the Arches National Monument region, but it is not depicted that way in Colin Fletcher's book, *The Man Who Walked Through Time*. In part the difference may be attributed to the season of Fletcher's visit; he traversed Grand Canyon National Park—on foot and alone—during the spring of 1963, when temperatures were moderate and storms had filled the rain pockets. But the difference between Abbey's desert and Fletcher's Grand Canyon owes as much to the writers' divergent approaches to nature as it does to the differing seasons of their sojourns in the wilderness. Where Abbey's desert is sublime and transhuman, Fletcher's Grand Canyon is an immense museum which reveals nature's design and man's temporal and spatial relationship to the earth. *(Continued on page 85)*

A WESTERN GATHERING

Looking Westward

By Joseph E. Illick

In 1872 Congress established Yellowstone National Park, the first of its kind, as "a public park or pleasuring-ground for the pleasure and enjoyment of the people," but one can be sure that the legislators in Washington envisioned few of their constituents making the journey. Then came the automobile. When I drove into Yellowstone on my first trip west, I found several million tourists awaiting my arrival. I also found a few bears, not to mention some geysers, and excursions on back trails turned up an elk and a family of antelope. I left satisfied that I had seen a bit of natural America.

Since that time I have visited numerous monuments, seashores, historic sites, parkways, and parks (if not many battlefields and other recreation areas) in our extensive National Park System, most of which lies in the trans-Mississippi West. I thought I had beheld a fair proportion of these places until I picked up Freeman Tilden's *The National Parks* (2nd ed., Knopf, $15.00), which describes 208 separate locations from Acadia to Zion (National Parks), including every Civil War encounter from Harper's Ferry to Appomattox Court House (National Historical Parks), and immortalizing such diverse Americans as the Vanderbilts and the Wright Brothers (Historic Sites).

As befits a book primarily concerned with preservation of the wilderness, the 225 black-and-white photographs are truly works of art, unmatched by Tilden's limp and desultory prose. (Man is insignificant in the face of nature?) Unfortunately, the narrative lacks even a brief history of the National Park Service or an account of its recent struggles. In his section on National Recreation Areas (the arrangement is topical rather than geographical or chronological), Tilden ignores completely the natural expense at which such sites as Glen Canyon and Lake Mead were achieved (see *Sierra Club Bulletin*, October, 1967, or The American West, May, 1967). It is pertinent to note here that Robert Cahn, Washington correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*, won the 1969 Pulitzer Prize for National Reporting as a result of a series of articles on the national parks. Posing himself the question: "How are the U.S. national parks going to survive the pressures of increased public use and still retain the values that made them worth preserving as a national heritage?"—Cahn visited twenty parks and concluded that, although they are in decent condition now, they may be headed for disaster. (See also "Man and Nature," *National Parks Magazine*, April, 1969. This fine publication is the organ of the private, non-profit National Parks Association, established fifty years ago by the first director of the National Park Service.)

If another book was to be done on this subject, I would recommend several questions for treatment. Are any of the present parks in danger from lumber interests, highway engineers, or any of those dam builders (not to mention tourists)? What might be done to improve the parks (e.g., would the mule concession in Grand Canyon be a more educational experience for visitors if the Park Service rather than Fred Harvey's cowboys handled it?) What new territory should be included in the National Park System? Finally, what does the landscape immediately outside the preserved areas look like? I recall the delight of my son, then a cynical six-year-old, on recognizing the incongruity of a frozen custard stand in (what appeared to be) the middle of Gettysburg National Historical Park. Gatlinburg, Tennessee, at the northern entrance to the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, is a caricature of tourism, itself worthy of preservation. Conversely, the surroundings of Cape Cod National Seashore are generally enhancing; here the work of man seems adequate to nature, though the Puritan builders would have ascribed both to God.

The first settlers along the Atlantic Coast saw the hand of the Almighty in nature—"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father"—but they had to gain their living from the wilderness as well. In seventeenth-century Massachusetts the fur trade was vital to the economy, and as Americans moved westward in pursuit of the pelt, it was a short step from sustenance to the ruthless destruction of game. (Again the tenth chapter of Matthew is revelant: "Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves. . . . But beware of men.") The "taste for bloodletting"—as Robert Murphy labels it in *Wild Sanctuaries: Our National Wildlife Refuges—a Heritage Restored* (Dutton, $22.50)—wiped out some species and endangered others, as did the advance of industrial civilization with its attendant problems of pollution and drainage.

With the creation of Yellowstone National Park the protection of wild animals was underway (despite the efforts of persistent poachers), but not until the twentieth century were the first bird refuges established, growing out of threatened extinction, discoveries about patterns of winged migration (flyways), and the efforts of a few dedicated men. Setbacks caused by droughts in the 1930's and the 1950's have been overcome to the point where today the Bureau of Fisheries and Wildlife is actually welcoming onlookers. "No one wants the hordes of people that now come to the national parks . . . but it is thought that superior experiences can be made available for those genuinely interested in wildlife, either as hunters or as observers."

Rather than attempting to depict each refuge, Murphy discusses in detail about thirty of them (from all regions, but mainly the West). An appendix contains brief descriptions of 170 of the more than three hundred areas now established. Murphy's fact-filled but sprightly narrative, opinionated but never strident, is complemented by maps and copious photographs, including marvelous color shots. All of this encourages one to make the pilgrimage; it also provokes a bit of remorse at missed opportunities. On my last strip to Oklahoma I would gladly have forsaken the Cowboy Hall of Fame for a visit to the Wichita Mountains Wildlife Refuge:

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acres] is used as a prime example of proper land use by soil conservationists. It is more than that, for the buffalo, the elk, and the longhorns have been brought back with the grasses, and it is one of the few places left that shows what the old West was like, how it looked before the white man changed it.

We may all rejoice that this national heritage is being restored.

Still, in view of the enormity of the challenge, only the initial steps have been taken toward a comprehensive conservation program. We must place our hopes in the coming generation, not a reassuring prospect when one realizes that the adolescent avant-garde has manifested no political interest in these problems, apparently construing them as irrelevant (for example, there was no youth protest against the oil slick off Santa Barbara) or even diversionary (I have heard New Leftists argue that a concern for redwoods demonstrates a lack of sympathy for humanity). To broaden your own children's perspective before the S.D.S. grabs them, I would suggest the following books concerning one aspect of conservation: George Laycock's *America's Endangered Wildlife* (Norton, $4.95), Francis and Dorothy Wood's *Animals in Danger* (Dodd, Mead, $4.95); Robert M. McClung's *Lost Wild America: The Story of Our Extinct and Vanishing Wildlife* (Morrow, $5.95); and Michael Frome's *The Varmints* (Coward-McCann, $3.86). ℜ

The West As Experience

BY T. H. WATKINS

The Sound of Mountain Water by Wallace Stegner *(Doubleday & Co. Inc., Garden City, 1969; 286 pp., intro., $5.95).*

A CRITIC once remarked that the outstanding characteristic in the work of Wallace Stegner was the "integrity of the writing." If the phrase means anything (and the profundities of critics frequently do not), it can only mean that Stegner's words are a true reflection of the man, that he has never written a word he didn't believe, at least at the time he wrote it, and that his dedication to the act of writing has been such that he has consistently refused to abandon craft for convenience. All of this is true enough—as it is true for some other writers—but it is not *the* salient factor in Stegner's writing that will enable it to outlast the generation in which it is being produced (and it will). If there is any one such element in his work, it is the quality of intelligence displayed, an intelligence enriched by experience, understanding, compassion—and integrity. And it is definitely this quality that most enhances *The Sound of Mountain Water*, for the book is nothing less than an adventure in the country of a man's mind.

Compiled of fourteen essays written over the past twenty-five years, *The Sound of Mountain Water* is divided into two parts. The first part is the narrative of one man's deeply personal experience with the varieties of the western landscape, from the deserts of Southern California to the canyons of the Colorado, from the mountains of Montana to the Mother Lode of the Sierra Nevada. And it is more than this, for out of the years of his experience with that landscape, Stegner has developed an articulation of the value of wilderness that has since become one of the philosophical imperatives of the American conservation movement—an articulation best represented in the final essay of the first section, where one of the most famous passages in the literature of conservation appears: "We simply need that wild country available to us, even if we never do more than drive to its edge and look in. For it can be a means of reassuring ourselves of our sanity as creatures, a part of the geography of hope."

Part two shifts gears into the West as literary experience, both in fiction and in the writing of history. Stegner's relationship to this subject, too, is personal, for he is among the handful of novelists and short story writers who have translated the western experience into genuine literature, and he has produced two historical

studies that will be around as long as there is anyone left to seek an understanding of the West. So these essays (two of which first appeared in the pages of THE AMERICAN WEST) are something more than esoteric, critical exercises. They are written, first of all, out of the same commitment to the West that marks his wilderness writing; it is an emotional as well as an intellectual commitment, one that will not allow full critical removal. He recognizes that this land has shaped him as it has shaped any other man who has chosen to write about it, from Eugene Manlove Rhodes to Bernard DeVoto. Without apology, Stegner admits his involvement in the land—in its frequently brutal demands; in its beauty; in its crowded, exploitative, sometimes heroic, sometimes degraded history. His is a visceral knowledge of what it can do to men and how it can influence their attitudes toward it and themselves—and be reflected in what they write: "For this Westerner . . . is the product of a world still nascent, and therefore hopeful. And though each of the several Wests has developed its own kinds of vulgarity, ugliness, and social injustice, none of these is yet rank enough to stink out the scent of prairie flowers and sagebrush in which we began. The fact is, most western writers don't feel at home in a literary generation that appears to specialize in despair, hostility, hypersexuality, and disgust [are you listening, Philip Roth?]. If only because of their youth, the several Wests continue to represent some degree of the traditional American innocence." Innocence is not necessarily to be taken for error, however, for if the incorrigible hopefulness —even optimism—of the western writer is not in the mainstream of a modern literature that seems to consider agony the highest form of human experience, it may be, Stegner suggests (not very gently) modern literature that is out of step.

Although each section of *The Sound of Mountain Water* has a unity that enables it to stand alone, and though each is widely separated from the other in approach and subject matter, there is an unmistakable wholeness to the book that comes from something more than the fact that each is a response to the West, one openly physical and emotional, the other primarily intellectual (but not untouched by emotion). That wholeness is provided by Stegner himself, as he suggests in his introduction: "In most parts of the West . . . a child is likely to learn little in school about the geography and history of the region that is shaping him. He gets them through the pores if he gets them at all. . . . I suppose the essays in this volume demonstrate some aspects of that process of learning to *know* what one spontaneously responds to because it is what one grew up in." The essays in *The Sound of Mountain Water*, from the account of an automobile trip into the desert in 1946 to an appreciation, written more than twenty years later, of what books can mean to a man and to a people, chronicle Stegner's growth of understanding himself as a writer and a human being functioning in the West, and ultimately of other men—as well as mountains. In at least two of the essays, Stegner complains gently of his rootless early life, feeling perhaps that something has been left out of him because he "lived in twenty places in eight different states, besides a couple of places in Canada, and in some of these places . . . in anywhere from two to ten different houses and neighborhoods." Perhaps his lack of an identity of place did deprive him of what most of us like to think of as roots, but it also intensified his craving to know himself and the land that shaped him, in whatever helterskelter fashion; it led him to that working compromise with the human condition that sometimes is called wisdom—and this is more than most of us can say. ☙

All Quiet on the Yamhill: The Civil War in Oregon by Royal A. Bensell, edited by Gunther Barth *(University of Oregon Books, Eugene, 1959; 226 pp., $5.00)*

BY RUSSELL F. WEIGLEY

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN'S DICTUM that it is better to be bored than bombed may hold little appeal for soldiers far removed from action. Tedium was certainly the lot of those California volunteers sent to Oregon during the Civil War as substitutes for the regular army, which moved east. The Indians were quiet enough during the war years that there was not much to do with them except to herd occasional bands of strays back to their reservations; the only brushes with disloyalty to the Union cause were occasional arguments with sometimes noisy, but hardly menacing "secesh" individ-

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uals. This is the stuff of Corporal Royal A. Bensell's diary of his Oregon years with Company D of the Fourth California Infantry, edited by Gunther Barth and published under the title *All Quiet on the Yamhill.*

Obviously, and unfortunately for the reader, it is not very exciting stuff. An expedition to restrain oystermen who were allegedly poaching upon beds leased exclusively by somebody else was about as dangerous a campaign as Bensell waged. The principal interest of his diary lies in its contribution to local and regional history through descriptions of events and places where Bensell was stationed, including an intriguing appendix made up of amateur anthropology and called "All about Indians." Bensell's places included Fort Yamhill on the Yamhill River, a tributary of the Willamette; Fort Hoskins on the Luckiamute; and the Siletz Blockhouse above Yaquina Bay, which Phil Sheridan had established while he was a quartermaster lieutenant in 1856 and which was linked with Fort Hoskins by a road which Sheridan had also built. (Contrary to regional tradition, as Barth points out in an excellent appendix on the forts, Sheridan did not establish either Fort Yamhill or Fort Hoskins.)

Here Bensell whiled away some of his time by transcribing in his diary such newspaper reports of the battles in the East as he could get, their wild inaccuracy lending a certain additional color to the diary. Much of the time he and his comrades were so bored that when one of them went out from Siletz Blockhouse to retrieve a drunken soldier, somebody else soon had to go to rescue the rescuer from the same plight. Still, Bensell not only liked Oregon well enough to stay there after the war, he also liked much about the life of a soldier. He grumbled continually about the undemocratic relationship between officers and men, and about the injustices, petty and otherwise, that went with it; and he continually groaned that he was "tired of this confining life." But at bottom he evidently liked more about the army than he disliked. Even in this diary of a homespun, kindly, and on the whole sensitive doctor's son, bored with his lot, we find the military appearing somehow fascinating.

Russell F. Weigley *is Professor of History at Temple University and the author of several books on military history.*

Wanderings of an Artist among the Indians of North America by Paul Kane *(Charles E. Tuttle Co., Rutland, 1968; 329 pp., illus., $7.50).*

The Great Lone Land: A Narrative of Travel and Adventure in the North-West of America by William Francis Butler *(Charles E. Tuttle Co., Rutland, 1968, 388 pp., illus., map, appen., $5.00).*

Northwest of Sixteen by J. G. MacGregor *(Charles E. Tuttle Co., Rutland, 1968; 224 pp., $4.50).*

Finlay's River by R. M. Patterson *(William Morrow and Co., New York, 1968; 315 pp., illus., maps, biblio., $6.95).*

By Lewis G. Thomas

The literature of the Canadian west is rich in travelers' tales and pioneer reminiscences. Most of those published in the nineteenth century have become collectors' items, and many published more recently but in small printings are moving into the same category. Of the four books discussed here, only one, *Finlay's River,* is published for the first time. The others are reprints, the result of a fruitful cooperation among an American publisher, Japanese printers, and a comparatively new entry into the field of Canadian publishing, M. G. Hurtig—who not very long ago established a book store in Edmonton that is now widely regarded as one of the best in Canada. Three of the group are travel books, and the fourth, *Northwest of Sixteen,* J. G. MacGregor's reminiscences of his family's experience on an Alberta homestead, has the same deeply personal quality.

Finlay's River combines an account of the human history of this mighty headwater of the even mightier Peace River with the author's recollections of his own journey in the summer of 1949 through the Finlay country. R. M. Patterson writes with the scholarly equipment befitting the author of the introduction to the Hudson's Bay Record Society's edition of *Black's Rocky Mountain Journal, 1824,* which includes the oldest surviving record of a journey to the Finlay's source. The book is redolent of his own love of the spectacular landscapes of the Rocky Mountain Trench and of travel under conditions that, although a little less rigorous than those of fur-trading days, are still far removed from the cushioned ease of the airlines, the motor hotel, and the trailer camp. *Finlay's River* is a labor of love, an effort to preserve for the future some sense of a region that faces devastating physical change as its resources are mercilessly "developed."

The first edition of Paul Kane's *Wanderings of an Artist* was published by the famous London house of Longmans in 1859. A French edition appeared in 1861 and a Danish edition in 1863. The present printing is from the Radisson Society's edition of 1925, with an editor's foreword by John W. Garvin and an introduction and notes by that polymathic Canadian civil servant, Lawrence J. Burpee. The illustrations are in black and white, as they were in the original edition, and only the attractive jacket painting, "Half-Breed Running Buffalo," conveys any idea of the use of color by the father of painting in English Canada. Those responsible for the 1925 edition may have felt that not much was lost, for Burpee agreed with other critics that Kane, corrupted by his training abroad and by contemporary fashion, used "the dull, brown tone of the studio and gallery picture of the Middle Europe of his day." Though this was certainly true of Kane's finished paintings, some of his sketches, still unpublished, suggest that he had a truer perception of the light and color of the West.

The new edition will be valued not for its illustrations but for its text. The nineteenth-century editions have long been rare and extremely expensive, and the 1925 edition, out of print for some time, is not easily come by. Kane's record is the first by a traveler in the Hudson's Bay territory who was neither a missionary nor a fur trader, and his artist's eye has made his journal a primary source for students, not only of the Canadian west, but also of the Oregon country.

William Francis Butler's *Great Lone Land* is only slightly less famous than Kane's *Wanderings* as a classic of western Canadian travel. First published in 1872, the book enjoyed a deserved success, for Butler (1838–1910) was as able a writer as he was a soldier. When in 1870 he hastened across the Atlantic to join Garnet Wolseley's expedition to the Red River, when he accepted the mission of preceding it to acquire intelligence of Riel's strength in the colony, and when, after Wolseley's force had returned to

the East, he undertook to report to the Canadian government on the state of its new territories, Butler had not yet attained the distinction that was to lead to knighthood and the rank of lieutenant-general. His report, however, was to shape the future of the Canadian west, notably by the fact that its recommendations led to the formation of the Northwest Mounted Police. The report is printed as an appendix to Butler's vivid account of his adventures and of the country through which he passed. The Preface to the new edition is by Edward McCourt, author of a recent biography, *Remember Butler*.

J. G. MacGregor, an engineer by profession and a historian by choice, has written extensively on the Canadian west but never more delightfully than in *Northwest of Sixteen*. Here he recollects his experience and that of his family on a homestead near Westlock, Alberta, where they settled in 1906. His father was a Scottish ex-soldier, his mother a Londoner. Inevitably they endured hardships and occasional reverses, but this account of pioneer days in north central Alberta is the story of a successful adaptation to a new environment. The settler from the United Kingdom is often ignored by the student of the mosaic or the melting-pot that is the prairie West. Nowhere has his contribution to the settlement process been portrayed more evocatively or with greater sympathy, simplicity, and understanding. ☙

Lewis G. Thomas *is Professor of History at the University of Alberta.*

Earl Morris and Southwestern Archaeology by Florence C. Lister and Robert H. Lister *(University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1968; 204 pp., illus., biblio., $7.95).*

BY ROBERT C. EULER

MOST STUDENTS OF WESTERN history are familiar with those figures from the Hispanic and Anglo periods that tend to catch the imagination: *conquistadores*, frontiersmen, fur trappers, gunfighters, and Indian warriors. Pioneers are considered to be such men as Coronado, Junípero Serra, James Ohio Pattie, General Crook, and the like. Others who pioneered the scientific frontiers of the West—such as Samuel Woodhouse, C.

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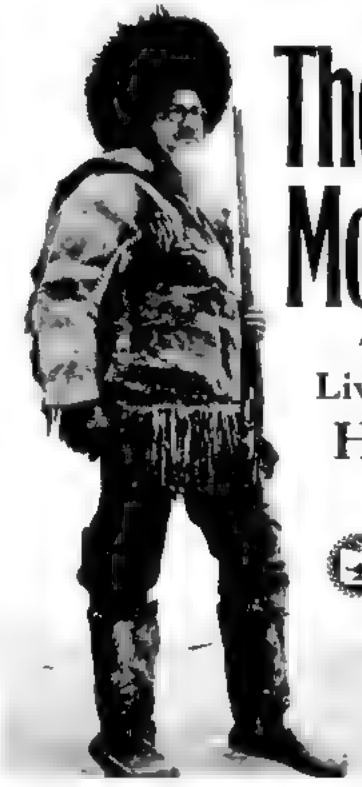
ON THE RIVER OF NO RETURN, in the nearly impenetrable mountains of Idaho, a twentieth-century man has turned back time. Sylvan Hart—survival expert, artisan, and wilderness historian-philosopher—lives alone in a Robinson Crusoe-like compound, making, growing, mining or hunting virtually everything he needs. Articulate, literate, and endowed with a rich sense of humor, he is no drop-out ("to be a 'useful member of society,' man has to be half dead"), but has thrived on the challenges and satisfactions of his isolated life for thirty years.

Sports Illustrated staff writer Harold Peterson shared Hart's personal frontier at first-hand and tracked down many of the stories of boomtowns and badmen recounted in the book. His strongly felt chronicle evokes the lore and legend of an all but vanished era of the American West —and provides living proof that total self-sufficiency is not just a dream in the troubled, crowded world of 1969.



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Hart Merriam, and Adolf F. A. Bandelier—are often obscured by more popular figures.

Earl Morris was one of these scientific forerunners, a pioneer in history, particularly the history of pre-Hispanic southwestern Indian life. Raised in Farmington, New Mexico, before the turn of the century, Morris was early attracted to the many prehistoric Pueblo settlements that dotted the countryside. Having spent most of his free time as a youth exploring Indian ruins, Morris carried on his formal training at the University of Colorado, where he earned an M.A. degree in 1916. His professional excavations at Aztec Ruins, Mesa Verde, and Canyon de Chelly—some of the most important sites in the Southwest—and at Chichen Itza in Yucatan, spanned almost half a century. These and his writings about them incontrovertibly placed Morris, long before his death in 1956, in the forefront of New World archaeology.

As early as 1916, Morris's demonstrable competence in the field was such that the American Museum of Natural History asked him to direct the large-scale excavations at Aztec. Although this work continued for many years, Morris also found time to explore and excavate other sites in the Four Corners region. Up the La Plata Valley to Mesa Verde, south from Shiprock into the Lukachukais, to Canyon de Chelly and Canyon del Muerto, Morris's enthusiastic concern with prehistory led him. As he dug, he and his colleagues developed theories about the cultural history of these ancient Basketmaker and Pueblo peoples. While writing often took second place to field work, many of Morris's technical reports stand today as classics in southwestern archaeology.

The Listers, also southwestern archaeologists at the University of Colorado, have done a remarkable job not only in presenting an accurate and delightfully written biography of Morris but in relating the significance of his career to the history of scientific archaeological exploration in the Southwest. Through the text and the well-selected photographs, the reader is with Morris throughout his southwestern journeys. Altogether, this is a significant book about a true pioneer in an enchanting land, a book that all southwesternists will welcome. ☙

Robert C. Euler *is Chairman of the Center for Anthropological Studies at Prescott College, Arizona.*

The Great Columbia Plain: A Historical Geography, 1805-1910 by D. W. Meinig *(University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1968; 553 pp., biblio., appen., illus., $15.00).*

By James T. Lemon

Few Americans know anything about the Great Columbia Plain. This vast semiarid rolling area, once covered only by sagebrush and grass, lies mostly in Washington state east of the Cascades but also includes a sizeable portion of Oregon and part of Idaho. Professor Meinig, a native son of the Plain, returns in this book to the early nineteenth century view that the Plain should be recognized as a homogeneous region. For him the Plain is not just a stage for human activity, but a leading actor in the sequence of historical events for more than a century.

Meinig deals with two major interwoven themes: ecology (man's relationship to the material environment) and strategy (human organization of space or area). Like other historians, he asserts that geography is or should be the study of the influence of the natural environment on man's behavior. Unfortunately, this view ignores the usual concerns of most geographers. Although we can readily say we are the result of nature's controls, we cannot easily say how we are affected.

From the written record we can understand with more certainty how men have *evaluated* qualities of land. Like the Great Plains, the Columbia Plain is a subhumid area which throughout the nineteenth century was judged in divergent ways by observers from the humid east. Meinig compares their views, plays them off against one another, and lists the successes and failures of those who used the area. Together with the exploitation of the soil for the production of wheat, other crops, and livestock, the process of evaluation is, I think, much of what Meinig intends by the concept of the relation between man and environment. Therefore, in this study, man, not the land, is the actor.

The second major theme, the organization of space, is among geographers as prominent an approach as the ecological. Meinig describes the strategies of explorers, missionaries, fur traders, pastoralists, farmers, and traders as they arrayed their activities over the area—at points, on lines, and into networks. Like many geographers he is interested in geometric patterns. But compared with his colleagues, Meinig is more concerned with the real world—the towns, railroads, and movements of wheat—than with abstract generalizations.

Since it is largely empirical, this book may appeal more to those inquisitive about the area than to synthesizers. In the final chapter Meinig does summarize many of his conclusions under such terms as the frontier (vis-à-vis Turner), cultures (styles of life), and position, but throughout most of the book the reader finds himself very close to the people observing and coping with the Plain. Those seeking for structure in Meinig's work will, I think, find one more clearly in his excellent *On the Margins of the Good Earth: The South Australian Wheat Frontier, 1869-1884* (Chicago, 1962). Nevertheless, students of regional development will see in *The Great Columbia Plain* a distinctive geographical approach, and historians of the land will discover much to supplement and sharpen their perspectives. ☙

James T. Lemon *is Associate Professor of Geography at the University of Toronto.*

Pass of the North: Four Centuries on the Rio Grande by C. L. Sonnichsen *(Texas Western Press, El Paso, 1968; 467 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $10.00).*

By Ferol Egan

EL PASO DEL NORTE has been a crossroads mark in the Southwest for at least four centuries. But it has been a north-south camping place for as long as man has been on this continent. To capture the history of this place that is now two sprawling sister border cities seems almost impossible. Yet, C. L. Sonnichsen has roped and tied the old girl and left his special brand on her hide in a truly remarkable history that has been thirty years in the making. And like a good Pass wine—the kind they quit making after the great flood of 1897 wiped out many vineyards—age has added the subtle distinctions that elevate *Pass of the North* above the classfication of local history and into the notch reserved for history on a "grand scale."

While Cabeza de Vaca probably passed this way in 1536, it was the Rodríquez-Chamuscado affair of 1581 "which

brought the first Europeans into the El Paso valley." But this expedition had more than its share of trouble, and it was followed by such colonizing groups as those headed by Espejo and Oñate. If any single expedition deserves credit for establishing El Paso del Norte, it was Oñate's. On April 20, 1598, he reached the Río Grande with "400 men, 138 families . . . eighty-three wagons and carts . . . 3,000 sheep, goats, cattle, mules, and horses." Spanish occupation had begun

Still, hard times were not over. First, there was a long struggle with Indians that drove the sunburned, bearded horsemen south again. Second, there was the problem of convincing settlers that the venture was worth the hardship, loneliness, and risk. But the challenge was accepted, and they moved north again across the Bolsón de Mapimí, built their adobe *casas*, dug irrigation ditches, started their church, and settled down as the halfway station between Ciudad Chihuahua and Santa Fé.

Sonnichsen doesn't overlook anything Here are the eternal struggles against the elements; battles with Indian raiders, happy days with Santa Fé traders; invasions by troopers under the command of Colonel Doniphan; intermarriages between Yankees and Mexicans; scalp hunting; the parade of forty-niners bound for California; the struggle between pro-North and pro-South factions during the Civil War; the Salt War of 1877; gunslingers' feuds; the coming of the railroad builders who brought the end of the frontier on iron tracks; and the revolutions on the Mexican side of the river: first, the dignity of Juárez, then the crudeness of Villa and the insanity of the *gringos* who sat on their side of the border and watched the street fighting as though it were a play

The range of characters in *Pass of the North* is epic in every sense of the word. Mountain men; scalp-hunters such as Glanton and Kirker; the Great Western running a saloon; Susan Magoffin keeping a diary; Ponce and his vineyards; Ruxton sightseeing and taking notes; Pike trying to deal with the customs men of his time; Chief Gómez offering a thousand-dollar scalp bounty for Mexican and gringo hair; Father Ramón Ortiz cooking meals for the prisoners of the Texas–Santa Fé expedition; white-bearded and handsome Benjamin Dowell —"Agriculturist, Saloon Keeper, First Mayor"; Dallas Stoudenmire and Jeff Milton on the side of the law, and John Wesley Hardin trying to go straight; Don Luis Terrazas dreaming of a return to power in Chihuahua; Villa and Orozco eating ice cream in El Paso's Elite Confectionery; and all the girls on The Line who ran proper houses and provided a home away from home—all of it is here. It is packed between the covers of this book with grace, wit, style, and a great sense of the many currents that make a stream of history.

History of the Lincoln County War by Maurice Garland Fulton, edited by Robert N. Mullin *(University of Arizona Press, Flagstaff, 1968; 433 pp., intro., illus., $8.50).*

By James W. Branch

Long awaited by students of southwestern history, Maurice Garland Fulton's *History of the Lincoln County War* has now appeared. Though much has been written previously about this bloody episode, Fulton's account was expected to round out the story with many facts which only he was believed to possess. He had lived for over thirty years in what was the center of the action, and he was a tireless investigator. He interviewed scores of old-timers, read all that the libraries, newspaper files, and court records of New Mexico could provide. His interest in the subject of the Lincoln County War and in one of its participants, Billy the Kid, was nearly an obsession.

Fulton died in 1955. But his book, edited from several manscript versions by Robert N. Mullin, lives up to expectation. It synthesizes the facts of all previous accounts, draws its own conclusions from new bits of evidence, corrects old errors of fact and interpretation. Its style is spare but clear, its detail ample—providing a record of equal interest for the scholar and the layman, even the layman sated on a fare of sensational wild-west yarns.

Fulton's history analyzes both the remote and the immediate causes, primarily economic, of the Lincoln County War. The seeds of future strife were planted soon after the great cattleman John Chisum came to southeastern New Mexico to found a ranch large enough for several dukedoms. On his heels came such human jackals as Jesse Evans, to prey on Chisum's herds of cattle and

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horses. The mercantile firm of Murphy, Dolan, *et al.* established itself in Lincoln, the county seat, and soon became enmeshed in the corrupt politics of the territory (right up through the U.S. district attorney to the governor himself). It connived with the military officers at Fort Stanton, and then reveled in lush contracts to supply beef for the U.S. Army post and the Indian agency on the Mescalero reservation. The company bought the beef cheap, mostly from rustlers, and sold it at high prices to the government.

Then came to Lincoln an honest young Englishman, John Henry Tunstall, who burned with ambitious plans to operate a ranch and establish a mercantile business in competition with Murphy and Dolan. Next, a young lawyer, Alexander McSween, appeared in Lincoln. McSween and Tunstall, both idealists, soon clashed with their rivals, with whom they became bitter enemies. Tunstall was later assassinated by the posse of Sheriff William Brady, a Murphy-Dolan henchman. McSween assumed leadership of his faction, and a young man named Henry McCarty — sometimes known as Billy Antrim, or William H. Bonney, but best remembered as Billy the Kid—adorned the McSween group. The Kid took over the leadership when McSween was killed in the notorious Five-Day Battle in the streets of Lincoln.

After much carnage on both sides, the Kid escaped in a blaze of bullets. It looked as if the bad men of the Murphy-Dolan gang had won the war; but the murder of Tunstall, a British subject, developed into something of an international incident. The federal government stepped in for a day of housecleaning, in both its military and civilian establishments. Lew Wallace was appointed governor. One of Wallace's earliest moves was to rendezvous with Billy the Kid in Lincoln town in an attempt to persuade the Kid to surrender on an old charge, promising him, in return for providing state's evidence, pardon if he were convicted. Thus Wallace hoped to convict several real scoundrels of the territory. But the Kid was reluctant to put himself into the hands of his enemies for fear of summary revenge.

Later, however, he was captured, tried, and convicted of the murder of Sheriff Brady, and was awaiting execution in the Lincoln jail when he tricked his guards, killing them both, and rode off into the wilderness. This spectacular escape transformed Billy the Kid into the romantic figure that eventually grew into a fully-fledged legend, best exploited in literature by Walter Noble Burns' *The Saga of Billy the Kid.*

Fulton referred to this escape as the Kid's "apotheosis." At this juncture in his life, at any rate, he undeniably became an outlaw. Up to that time he was as often as not on the side of the law, when it was possible to determine which side represented the law. But now, a fugitive from justice, he fell easily into the vocation of horse and cattle thievery. Then one dark night, on July 13, 1881, his trail converged with Sheriff Pat Garrett's; the Kid was shot down before he could recognize his old friend and present nemesis.

Fulton's account continues into the aftermath of the war, tracing the lives of the main characters through careers of crime or public service. ☙

James W. Branch *is Chairman, Division of Humanities, New Mexico Military Institute, Roswell, New Mexico.*

Bill Doolin, Outlaw O.T. by Colonel Bailey C. Hanes *(University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1968; 207 pp., intro., illus., biblio., $2.95)*

Western Outlaws by Vincent Paul Rennert *(Crowell-Collier Press, New York, 1968; 152 pp., illus., biblio., index, $3.50).*

By John D. Gilchriese

Bill Doolin may never be as widely heralded an outlaw as Sam Bass, the James Brothers, the Daltons, or the Youngers. Yet his checkered career has aroused some speculation and misinterpretation since his death by shotgun in 1896. Between the covers of this interesting book, Colonel Bailey C. Hanes has for the first time captured the exploits of Bill Doolin, as well as a number of other personalities who represent a cross-section of those very human, very real outlaws and lawmen who lent color to the American frontier.

Bill Doolin fully deserves this, his first biography, and it is obvious that Colonel Hanes was sufficiently fascinated with Doolin to research his life and times fully. The Bibliography presents a series of interesting interviews, documents, standard books, letters, and newspaper

articles. But alas there is no index, something which would have been helpful in sorting out this collection of characters from the Old West.

The book contains a few errors, the most notable being that Billy Tilghman did not die in 1926. When Tilghman later visited Los Angeles, touring with his motion picture on the Oklahoma outlaws, he met and spent considerable time with Wyatt Earp. This reviewer has in his possession a record of the conversation on that occasion, when the two old-timers in the Indian summer of their lives, reminisced about the 1880's and 1890's.

Rennert's *Western Outlaws* is a standard compilation strictly from secondary sources which will be of interest only to the casual reader. It lacks depth and understanding of the western outlaw and the frontier on which he lived — which was more often a condition than a geographic locale. This standard account contains the usual photographs and undoubtedly was meant to be a general introduction or a quick reference work.

The chapter on Billy the Kid leaves a great deal to be desired. The author should have acquainted himself more thoroughly with the reliable books on that subject. Other personalities reflect only a superficial research effort. The book does have an index and a pleasing format; it will serve, undoubtedly, as a primer and hopefully will motivate some readers to pursue more diligent studies of the West. ✍

John Gilchriese *is Field Historian for the University of Arizona Library.*

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Ferol Egan

Will Soule: Indian Photographer at Fort Sill, Oklahoma 1869-74 by Russell E. Belous and Robert Weinstein *(The Ward Ritchie Press, Los Angeles, 1969; 120 pp., illus., endpapers, index of individuals, $12.50).*

WILLIAM STINSON SOULE came from a Boston family that became involved in the photography business before the Civil War. Young William, after he was badly wounded in the Battle of Antietam, eventually traveled to the American West to try to regain his health. Here he recovered much of his physical strength, and at Fort Sill, Indian Territory, he found his calling. Between 1868 and 1874 or 1875, when he returned to Boston, Soule took some of the greatest photographs of Plains Indians that exist. In this volume the authors have included a short biography of Will Soule and short histories of his early photography of the American Indians and the last free days of Southern Plains tribes. While brevity leaves holes for those who do not know the full story of such tribes as the Kiowas and Comanches, the magnificent photographs by Soule and the sheer beauty of bookmaking in this volume make it a must for anyone interested in the history of the Indians and the Southwest.

The Way to Rainy Mountain by N. Scott Momaday, illustrated by Al Momaday *(University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1969; 89 pp., illus., $4.95).*

THE ESSENCE OF A CULTURE—the gut and heart feelings, the long migration of people and ideas—is almost impossible to capture at any given point in time. Yet, N. Scott Momaday, the latest Pulitzer Prize winner, has achieved all of these in a book of rare beauty.

The Way to Rainy Mountain combines the ancient past of the Kiowa People, their myths, legends, history, and love of the land, with the author's personal view. All of these are told in language that leaps beyond the bounds of prose and takes on the flavor of natural poetry—something that grew with the People, something as much a part of them as their feeling for the land and their relationship with it.

To create this concentrated moment of beauty, this isolation of the very best of man, Momaday has listened to his own heart and heard the beat of his past. "Once in his life," he writes, "a man ought to concentrate his mind upon the remembered earth . . . to give himself up to a particular landscape in his experience, to look at it from as many angles as he can, to wonder about it, to dwell

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Wells, Fargo Detective: The Biography of James B. Hume by Richard Dillon *(Coward-McCann, Inc., New York, 1969; 320 pp., illus., sources, index, $7.95).*

THE NAME JAMES B. HUME lingers in the background of western American history like a shadow. A few historians recognize the name, but most do not, for this quiet man moved with compassion and dispatch in the interest of an orderly society. As a result, he never achieved fame to match that of countless gunslingers who moved with ease on either side of the badge. Yet, Hume pioneered in scientific criminology, captured Black Bart, broke up a gang of Confederate road agents, and put a stop to the Sontag and Evans war with the Southern Pacific.

In a fast-paced story, historian Dillon gives life to this remarkable Wells, Fargo detective. While all the excitement of the chase is here, Dillon also gives a sensitive view of the whole man. One puts this biography down knowing that in a time of violence James B. Hume was a true man of peace, a man who worked just as hard in defending the interests of men who had gone astray as he did in bringing them to justice.

The Isle of Mal Hado and Other Sketches: Three Hundred and Fifty Years of Texas History by Clarence Wharton *(Fletcher Young Publishing Co., Houston, 1968; 253 pp., illus., maps, $10.00).*

THIS STRANGE COLLECTION of essays was completed in 1934. It might have been better if the author had burned them then The material is a mixture of secondary sources, local folklore, bad poetry, and an overabundance of pride about the accomplishments, good and bad, of all Texans. Yet the book contains some rare illustrations. In the final chapter, "The Story of a Vanquished Race," the book comes to a grandiose end with the following: "The slavery issue was settled, the Indian question gone, and our people turned to face a new era with new problems full of infinite perplexities." And out of the desert came the prophet with strange visions of the future.

The Warrior Who Killed Custer: The Personal Narrative of Chief Joseph White Bull translated and edited by James H. Howard *(University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1968; 84 pp., notes, illus., biblio., $6.95).*

"I GRABBED HIM and killed him. I counted first coup. He hit me with his fists and hurt me and then he grabbed my braids. I grabbed his carbine and killed him with it." Thus, fifty-five years after the Battle of the Little Big Horn, Chief Joseph White Bull told of that bloody day. But this is only one phase of a remarkable book. It also contains a written winter count—yearly history—of the Teton Sioux for about one hundred years; such events in the life of White Bull as battles with other tribes, hunts, and horse-stealing raids; and thirty-nine pictographs, sixteen of them in color. The irony of it all is that injustice hit White Bull right up to the last. In 1931, he received only fifty dollars for his written and visual account of his life as a Sioux warrior.

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TIME & WILDERNESS

(Continued from page 73)

Fletcher's journey of two months was the first traverse of Grand Canyon National Park on foot. In many places the hiking was tough and dangerous, especially where Fletcher carried his sixty-pound pack across terrain hardly traveled by man before. It is not the physical achievement that dominates Fletcher's pages, however, though difficulties of terrain, lack of water, and problems of route-finding are necessary elements of his account. Instead, *The Man Who Walked Through Time* is a sort of Thoreauvian Pilgrim's Progress, where Fletcher's surmounting of the successive difficulties in the journey was matched by his increasing understanding of the canyon's lessons, understanding which came from a growing sense of integration with the canyon environment.

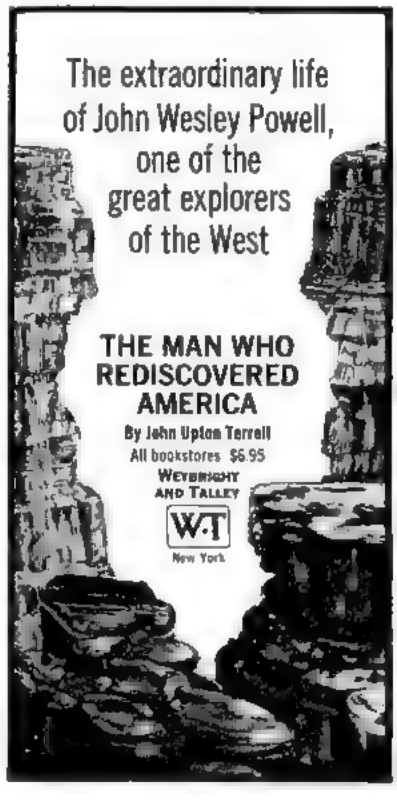
It is this sense of oneness with the natural environment which answered Fletcher's question about the meaning of life. For Fletcher, man is a natural product of the planet earth, a "natural and still-moving-forward outgrowth of everything that preceded him." Man is the spearhead of life, and the millions of years which passed before his existence form the contrasting background that give him his significance. This vision gives Fletcher an inkling that he may have found one key to the psychic transcendence of time. He traveled back in time by descending through the various rock formations to the ancient schist at the canyon bottom. He tried to understand the instincts of beavers and flies, animals far back on the evolutionary time scale. He imagined the slow process of erosion by windblown sand and water. He camped for a day in a cliff dwelling, trying to recapture an Indian's point of view. The thought that man is the spearhead of an ongoing pattern (Fletcher never uses the term evolution, but it sounds like that) gave him something of a millennial vision—he hopes for an age when man will live in harmony with nature as the only way to survive. Part of this new era will include a new perception of time, when man will conceive of time as a pattern rather than as "an absolute entity that moves inexorably past us."

The Grand Canyon gave Fletcher the feeling that man must be firmly integrated with nature in order to understand the meaning of life. In this respect his ideas parallel those of Frank Norris in *The Octopus*, much as Abbey's image of the savage desert matches Jack London's cruel arctic wastes. Fletcher is no victim of an ossified nineteenth-century naturalism, however. *The Man Who Walked Through Time* probably owes something to the growing interest in studying biological interrelationships which has inspired ecological studies of all kinds of organisms. Fletcher's canyon teaches him to avoid the anthropocentrism for which Abbey's desert provides the antidote, but for Fletcher the significance of man becomes apparent once he recognizes his cosmic insignificance and his relationship to the web of life. In the end, however, Fletcher is open to the charge that his observations on beavers and "sand flies" are shot through with anthropocentric bias.

Since Fletcher is advocating a way of seeing man, and since he concludes his book with a plea for the discontinuance of dam-building on the lower Colorado River, it seems proper to suggest that there is something wrong with a view that preaches both the primacy of nature and the hegemony of man. When two Air Force jets streaked by his campsite at the bottom of the canyon, Fletcher was thrilled by the courage and daring of the pilots despite their intrusion of his privacy. On his way out of the canyon, Fletcher decided that he had been satiated with beauty, and that for a corrective he would go home by way of Las Vegas and its contrasting tawdriness. Well and good. But when it becomes possible to see Las Vegas as part of the process, presumably the process of which man is the spearhead, then there is no reason why damming the Grand Canyon is not also part of the process, and also perfectly acceptable. For in the geologic time scale of the Grand Canyon, where two or three million years is the mere blink of an eyelash, a dam will hardly be noticed

This is not to suggest that the Grand Canyon should be dammed, or that the national parks should continue to become motorized Disneylands. It is to say that neither Fletcher's sense of union with nature, and his consequent reconciliation with culture, nor Abbey's alienation from civilization is going to keep technological man from sealing himself off from the earth. Abbey drove his truck over the desert, and Fletcher utilized airdrops for resupply. Modern technology enhanced each man's wilderness experience. The paradox of men enjoying the wilderness with the aid of trucks, planes, and aluminum pack frames indicates that the fate of unspoiled nature in America depends upon what Americans do with their culture. Saving the wilderness and keeping dams out of the Grand Canyon cannot be separated from creation of a culture which defines freedom as the opportunity to choose from the widest possible range of experiences, from enjoying a Mozart opera to tracking a grizzly bear. This kind of freedom is possible only in a climate of social justice and in a society where each man has the economic and civil independence to make personal choices. Which is simply another way of saying that the wilderness preservation movement is a natural corollary to the quest for economic, institutional, and social reform.

David Corkran, *an active member of the Sierra Club and a Puritan scholar, teaches in Portland, Oregon.*



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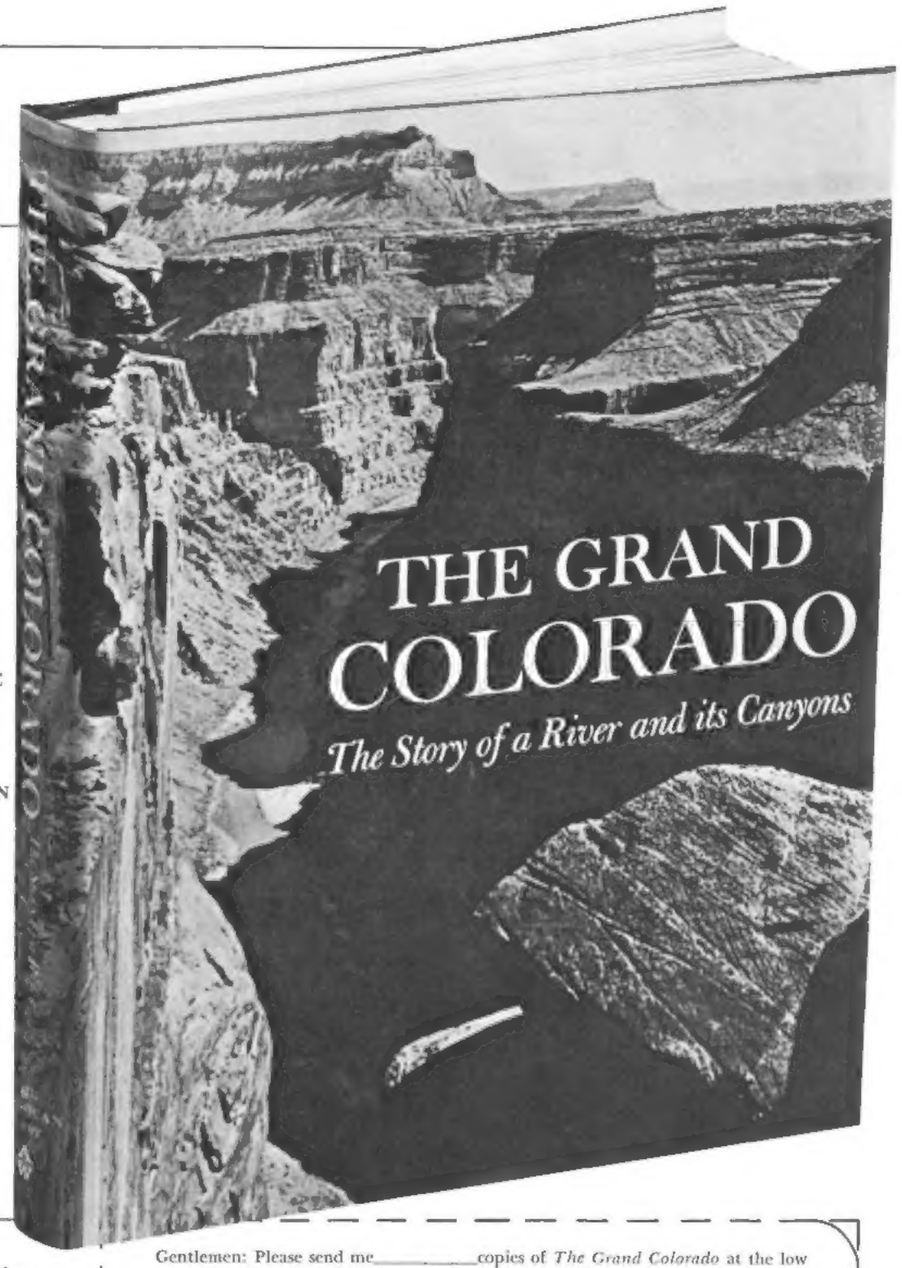

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